# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 190.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 22ND, 1912. ONE PENNY.


## A FINE START.

The photograph shows Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt starting on a coaching trip. At the International Horse Show at Olympia this week no effort will be spared by him to win the Coaching Marathon.

# READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Buy your suit lengths direct, and save middle profits. Patterns sent free.—Senior, Beswick and Co., Ripon Street, Halifax.

Your Tie will always remain in position by wearing a "G.A.J. Tie Adjuster." Saves 50 per cent. in ties. Price 6d.; P.O.'s only. "Tadjerus" Patentee, Abergwili, Carmarthen.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cyclists' Friend makes your cycle puncture-proof; genuine, enormous success; 1s. 1d. (League member).—Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

Motor Cycle, 2¾ Clarendon, requires accumulator, coil, and several small items, tyres, frame, tank, etc., in thorough condition; bargain, £5 10s.—173, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.

For Sale: Running costume, complete, with pumps; what offers?—Box 9091, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Handsome £3 3s. croquet set, best make, 4 mallets, with 9in. by 3in. selected boxwood heads, 4 regulation boxwood balls, heavy narrow hoops, clips, posts, drill, gauge, rules, and all accessories, in strong case, best finish throughout, unused, price 35s.—Box 9079, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Riley's 7ft. 8in. by 3ft. 10in. billiard table, all accessories, with 2 light pendant and lamps, £7.—Box 9078, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Premier cycle, gentleman's speciality, No. 3 model, 22in. Armstrong 3-speed gear, horn, oil, lamp, tyres nearly new, price 50s.; no exchange.—Box 9083, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For sale, billiard table, in good condition, size 6ft. by 3ft., with balls, marker, 4 cues rest, etc.; what offers?—Box 9085, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1061.

## MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Knowledge is power. Dozen genuine recipes, including embrocation, blood purifier, cough syrup, massage cream, boot and metal polishes, etc.; price 1s.; satisfaction guaranteed; postal orders only.—33, Park Avenue, Blackpool.

Working artisan, having cured himself of indigestion and backache, will forward recipe and particulars post free, 6d. postal order.—Warde, 12, David Street, Tonypandy, Rhondda.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street. London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Do you want to improve your arm development? If so, send P.O. 1s. 6d., when you will receive exercises illustrated by real Photos, to—J. H. Minister, Professor of Scientific Physical Culture, Liddell Street, Hull.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1054.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1054.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 9d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Genuine French Polish. Recipe by practical man. Polish your own furniture. Send P.O. 6d.—Box 9090, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

New Gillete 21s. safety razor, will sell for 10s. 6d.—Box 9092, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670. "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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**PEN COUPON.**

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1064.

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# The Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.


# PLAIN SPEAKING.

"Three hundred thousand children wanting to be fed; one hundred thousand women without means of maintaining their children." Strike results, in the striker's own words—in eloquent, if undesigned, commentary, that columns of writing would not enhance.

* * *

## Changing Their Quarters.

Have Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence discovered that martyr's spirit is not theirs, or have they at last woke up to the fact that their window-smashing methods are as senseless as they are criminal? At any rate, they have given an assurance that, while in prison, they will not excite their followers to any illegal act, and, as a consequence, have been transferred from the second division to the first, where they are allowed, among other privileges, to wear their own clothes, and provide their own food. A week or so in the second division is a splendid specific for bringing one to one's senses. Meantime, has any modern man seen the charming Christabel?

* * *

The Tsar is to be congratulated upon having done what justice obviously demanded of him—commuted the sentence of penal servitude upon Miss Malecka to expulsion for life from Russia, though it was really superfluous for him to forbid her ever again to set foot within his dominions. She is not likely to have at any time the slightest inclination to do so. She has experienced enough of Russia and of Russian ways to satisfy the most robust of appetites for such experience.

* * *

## Sport and Foolhardiness.

There are some people who are unable to distinguish between sport and foolhardiness—not to use a stronger term—and the type of man who attempts to swim the Channel or cross it in a sculling boat is among these. There is some excuse for the "pro" swimmer who attempts the feat, for nobody can be unaware that he does so with an eye—nay, both eyes—firmly riveted on lucrative music-hall and other engagements in the event of success. But the amateur oarsman who attempts to row across in a cockle-shell skiff is indulging in foolhardiness. Even if he succeeds, he has done no service whatever to sport or to himself. At the moment of writing news comes to hand that a member of the Dover Rowing Club started on a cross-Channel expedition in an eighteen-feet pair-oared regatta skiff; and that search-parties have failed to find any trace of boat or rower. Now, perhaps—let us hope so, at any rate—we shall see the end of this kind of idiocy under the guise of sport.

* * *

## Theatrical Advertising.

Of the methods of advertising by members of the theatrical profession there are no end; and more's the pity. And two well-known theatrical people we would like to have a very straight talk with on this subject are Mr. Charles Maude and his wife, known professionally as Miss Nancy Price. We have some recollection of the intense excitement that some news sheets attempted to arouse in the breasts of an apathetic public by their descriptions of Miss Price's grief at losing (sic) a small pet dog not long ago. When the dog was duly retrieved, a day or so later, the same papers sang pæans of joy—and, again, it is pleasant to recall that the great bulk of the nation showed little desire to join in the song.

* * *

Now, it is not a dog, but a small child. A little book (we are not going to advertise its title or its publisher, as most of the papers have done) describing "a number of queer beasts," is said to be "the work" of Miss Grace Maude, their little girl of three! This ineffable infant prodigy has described, so we are told, to her mother "the Lowdge" who "always chooses Kiddikee to go with him, 'cos he has nineteen legs, but every one of Kiddikee's legs gets tired before the Lowdge's two legs get tired, and that is why Kiddikee always has to have breakfast in bed on Monday morning—so he says."!

* * *

By the way, how many children of three (even though they be the progeny of actors) can count as far as nineteen?

* * *

## Seafarers' Trip on Buffers.

Let us hope that the experiences of the two seafaring men who recently journeyed from London to Crewe on the buffers of a railway carriage, will deter others who are wishful of travelling in the same inexpensive way from emulating them. Whirled along at the rate of sixty miles an hour through the midnight darkness, hanging on as by a miracle throughout the whole of their 150 miles non-stop journey, scorched by the hot cinders emitted from the engine when passing through tunnels, and nearly suffocated by smoke, no wonder they seemed terribly frightened when Crewe was reached, and appeared more dead than alive. Life on the ocean wave, even in the stormiest of stormy weather, must seem to them like a foretaste of Paradise in comparison.

* * *

In how many instances the *non possumus* attitude of a young man's "people" has been responsible for the suicide of some unfortunate girl upon whom his name should have been bestowed, is known perhaps to the Recording Angel alone. A pretty young actress, would have been alive today, and happy, but for "my people," who "said that a marriage was impossible." What pitiful pride of place it is that sees in a fellow creature, who happens to be "a mere actress," nothing but immeasurable inferiority!

* * *

## Something to be Desired.

Observing the King's birthday by closing the Royal Courts of Justice is doubtless all quite right and proper, but the fact of such a procedure depriving about fifty of the officials of a day's pay leaves something to be desired. It is very certain that such deprivation does not meet with his Majesty's approval. To pain him seems a queer way of seeking to give him pleasure.

The notion of a lord of a manor living for years in a workhouse, smacks of the Gilbertian. Yet that, in all sober seriousness, is what Mr. Joshua Illingworth, lord of the manor of Pudsey, did. He not only resided for years in the workhouse at Clayton, Bradford; he also died there. Surely a strange perversion of the object for which the workhouse system came into existence.

* * *

Two recent examples of what may be classed as the addition of insult to injury, are not without a humorous aspect. In the one case, a woman who was prosecuted for shoplifting was found to have a banking account at the shop, with over £100 to her credit. In other words, she supplied herself with stolen goods and banked the proceeds with the owner! Pretty smart, eh?

* * *

The other instance was that of a billiard marker who carried on betting transactions in a saloon adjoining the very police court where he made a compulsory appearance in consequence!

* * *

## The Kleptomania "Bunkum."

The shoplifting lady was, very deservedly, sentenced to three months' hard labour. She did not put forward the plea of kleptomania, contenting herself with stating that she had been robbed of £100 and had had a very hard time. Yet one wonders whether she would have been treated in precisely the same way if she had occupied a somewhat more exalted rung in the social ladder. It is true there was a previous conviction against her; but then, if she had been the Hon. Mrs. Somebody-or-other, this former lapse would probably have been merely an instance of that irresistible propensity to freeze on to someone else's goods which has led to the word "Kleptomania" having had a share in the enrichment of our comprehensive language. There is another expressive word in the same language which sometimes is applicable in this connection, and that is—bunkum!

* * *

## A Vicar and His Cricket.

To say it is impossible to please everybody, is to assert nothing which is new. Yet it is well occasionally to remind oneself of the fact. Most people profess some amount of interest in, even if not of admiration for, what is called "muscular Christianity." Yet when a man like the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Bordesley, Birmingham, makes himself prominent as a county cricketer, there are not wanting those who give it out that his doing so interferes with the work of his parish.

* * *

Fortunately, those who know Mr. Gillingham best have been quick to vindicate him. His congregation have signed a memorial to him, in the course of which they say: "We realise that your spiritual labours here must undoubtedly suffer so long as the suspicion exists that you have not the confidence of the worshippers of the church. Therefore, in order to strengthen your hands, we have adopted this course as the simplest, yet sincerest, way possible of assuring you of our entire confidence in your judgment." Happy the cleric who can count upon such loyalty from his congregation. And fortunate the congregation whose pastor is worthy of such loyal adhesion.

* * *

## Young Astor's "Love" Letters.

Not everyone is willing to acquiesce in Carlyle's dictum that the human race consists mostly of fools, but there are times when one is strongly tempted to adopt a view so uncomplimentary to one's kind—excluding oneself from the majority, of course! On what other grounds can we account for the way in which young Mr. Astor has been pestered with hundreds upon hundreds of "love" letters during the past month or so?

* * *

This young man, son of Colonel Astor, who went down with the "Titanic," will come of age in November, and will then find himself master of an estate valued at £20,000,000. The bare possibility of sharing such enormous wealth is enough, perhaps, to turn any woman's head; but, be that as it may, it is a fact that all sorts and conditions of women have been professing deathless love for him, and proposing matrimony in the most brazen leap-year manner imaginable.

* * *

Each of them, probably, shares Carlyle's estimate of mankind, and classes youthful multi-millionaires with the multitudinous fools. Only on such a supposition can we account for their imagining that they stand the ghost of a chance of sharing the Astor millions. In supposing the young heir such an idiot as to be in the remotest danger of succumbing to their amatory blandishments, they prove themselves to belong to the very class to which they have relegated their intended victim, and thus give colour to the dyspeptic judgment of the Chelsea Sage.

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## Futile to Act on a Jury.

Conscientious objections are all very well in their way, but when they take the form of interfering with the course of justice, it is high time to frown upon them. The case of a Mr. Easton, of Norwich, offers a striking exemplification of the cogency of this view of the matter.

* * *

The extremely interesting gentleman in question was summoned to serve on a jury at Norwich Assizes the other day. Instead of complying, he wrote to the judge, explaining that, in his estimation, man is an irresponsible being, that there is no such thing as guilt, and that it would be futile for him to act as juror, as, in every case, he would feel bound to record a verdict of "Not Guilty."

* * *

Very properly, he was at once written to and informed that he must attend at the court. He was not there, however, at the hour specified, and, on his putting in an appearance later in the day, he was fined twenty shillings for contempt. This was subsequently remitted on his giving an assurance that, if summoned again, he would come to the court, although he persisted that he could not and would not sit in judgment on his fellow men.

* * *

Obviously, it would be absurd to permit such a man to occupy a place in the jury-box, even if he were willing to be there; but it is just as well to discourage such extraordinary views as those which he professes to hold. If everybody held them, society would be reduced to a condition of chaos. Crime would increase appallingly, and no punishment would cease to be. Not only would there be no jurors, but judges, and magistrates, and police would disappear, and anarchy would reign supreme.

* * *

One has sufficient belief in the common sense of the average man to feel tolerably sure that such a state of things will never really come to pass; but it is quite within the bounds of possibility for Mr. Easton's views to affect normal minded people to a more than sufficiently unpleasant extent. Anything, therefore, which will tend to check them should be welcomed. Not every holder of such views might have the moral courage to follow Mr. Easton's example by refusing to enter the jury-box; and, once there, he might considerably impede the course of justice, even if he did not succeed in perverting it altogether.

* * *

## Conscience and Punishment.

There are some people, moreover, who would welcome any excuse that would relieve them from jury service, and who would not scruple to profess Mr. Easton's views, though in reality they did not share them, provided that such profession secured the desired immunity. This ought not to be made too easy for those who have such notions of the duties of citizenship. Any man who declines to serve as juror should be punished with adequate severity, no matter what "conscientious" reason he may assign for his refusal. If really conscientious, he might thus be led to see the absurdity or unreasonableness of his conscience. And in any case, such drastic treatment even of honest stupidity would deter the pretended conscientious objector from objecting, which, after all, would be the main thing aimed at.

The Yankee in Valencia who nearly fell a victim to the buried treasure swindle the other day, would have deserved very little commiseration if the swindlers had succeeded. He was led to believe that a dishonest French banker had hidden £160,000 of which he had defrauded his clients, and it quite accorded with his own notions of honesty to purchase the secret of the hiding-place for 9,000 pesetas, in order to become possessed of the boodle himself. No one would have wept very bitterly if he had lost his money.

* * *

## The Black Art and Cotton.

Belief in the black art, alchemy, the philosopher's stone, and kindred deceptions, still lurks in holes and corners of the human mind, though probably no one would plead guilty to the indictment. The recent alleged invention of a process of making artificial cotton is a case in point. The "inventors"—a couple of Frenchmen—disposed of the secret to a Belgian engineer, who doubtless thought he was on a good thing, and who in turn sold the patents to an Italian deputy at the greatly enhanced price of £160,000.

* * *

The deputy, wishing to make money rather than cotton, took steps to recoup himself to the extent of £400,000, by arranging to sell the invention to a Manchester syndicate. Before the negotiations were completed, however, he made a discovery that knocked them completely on the head. He is now going for the Belgian engineer for the recovery of his £160,000, and the engineer is going for the "inventors," and altogether there's a pretty kettle of fish. Just because, in the twentieth century, an engineer, a deputy, and a syndicate are sufficiently mediæval to believe in the existence of the philosopher's stone, or something very like it.

* * *

The case recalls the famous "artificial diamond" frauds by which the late Sir Julius Wernher was imposed upon. There was some excuse for him, however; for, given the proper mineral ingredients, and a sufficiency of heat and pressure, the artificial production of a diamond is not entirely outside the range of the possible. To believe in man's ability to manufacture anything that Nature produces through the agency of life and growth, is on a par with swallowing the Frankenstein yarn. Some people deserve to suffer from burnt fingers.

* * *

## Police and Electric Flash Lamps.

At last! It is actually under consideration that the Metropolitan police should be provided with electric flash lamps, in place of the antiquated oil ones they now carry. It is really surprising that the authorities did not wait till now to substitute the helmet for the "chimney-pot" that once adorned Robert's head.

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## SETTLING DOWN.

The itinerant book canvasser sadly mounted the fifth flight, and entered the office of J. Brooser and Co.

"I have here some of the very latest productions," simpered the canvasser; "what orders can I take from you to-day?"

"No orders!" came the laconic reply.

"I have here the 'Midget Annual,' which——"

"Don't want it!"

"Or the 'Financiers' Guide to——"

"Get out!" threateningly.

"Or a neat volume on 'Etiquette for the——"

The burly form rose, yawned, strode up to the canvasser, seized him by the collar, kicked him down one flight, slid down the banister, kicked him down two flights, and repeated the operation until the canvasser lay prone at the street door.

Then the itinerant book canvasser rose, smiled wintrily, took hold of the lapel of his aggressive kicker's coat, and continued, sadly: "No; but, seriously, mister, don't you want to buy any books to-day?"

# "THE JOKE."

### SEQUEL TO CHUMS' NOCTURNAL VISIT.

Harry Archer was highly-strung and nervous. There was no doubt about that. So that when the discussion in the smoking room went from jewels to burglary, and from burglary to murder, he showed decided signs of uneasiness.

Tate noticed this, but he said nothing at the time. But after they had dispersed to bed he called on his two chums.

They held a council of war in Tate's room.

"I have it," said Hart. "You remember the amateur theatricals we had about a week before Harry came?"

"Yes."

"Well, there were three or four Burglar Bill parts in it—masks, and all that sort of thing. I vote we dress up in them and break into Harry's room to-night. He's sleeping away in the west wing—not a soul near him."

* * *

"'Heavens,' what's that?"

Archer sat up in the bed and listened fearfully.

Click. Someone had pulled down the blind and switched on the electric light.

When his eyes recovered from the glare Archer saw the intruders and was frightened beyond speech.

Facing him and holding the lantern in his left hand was a villanous looking scoundrel, masked. His right wrist was balanced on the rail of the bed and the sullen-looking mouth of a Webley and Scott repeater stared into Archer's face.

Two others, also masked and every whit as villanous looking, were there.

The first one spoke in a hissing whisper.

"If you utter a sound I'll fire. Get up! Quietly, now."

With every nerve of his body at tension Archer obeyed.

For the life of him he could not have uttered a sound.

The other returned from the dressing room and the three surrounded him and bound him hands and feet. The leader spoke again, with a slight foreign accent.

"Attend: If you try any tricks on or call out I'll shoot you. We're desperate men. And I'm a dead shot. Do you know where Sir John Tate's rooms are?

Archer's brain swam. Johnnie—his pal. But the ominous looking revolver pointed at him brooked no delay.

"Where are they?"

For a moment he would have refused to tell. But the flesh was weak. And these men were so obviously desperate that stubborness would mean death. And he was young.

"They're on the third floor," he muttered huskily.

The wine had gone a little to Tate's head that night. He determined to throw a little extra thrill into the joke.

"I hope he's not a pal of yours"—he snarled at Archer. "For if he was you can explain to the good people of this house in the morning that the Mafia never forgets—nor forgives."

The Mafia! That powerful secret society of Italy, whose spies and agents were everywhere.

Heavens! It meant murder, nothing less. And it was his chum, Tate, they were seeking. And he was helpless.

"Stay here and guard him, Peters," said the leader. "Come with me, Johnson, I may want you."

"I'm a trifle shaky, boss," he said, "A drop of neat brandy would not come amiss now."

"All right, we may as well have a glass." He turned to Archer. "Have you any in the room?"

Archer found his voice with an effort. "There's some in the dressing room," he said hoarsely.

They unloosed him.

"Go in and fetch it," said the leader, "and remember, one sound and you're a dead man. Peters, stand at the door there and be ready to shoot."

The dressing room was faintly lit by the moon's rays, and Archer knew his figure was visible to the watcher. But he cared not. For he saw his way clear at last. His chum should be saved. And the world would be rid of three scoundrels. He crossed the room and took down three glasses and a bottle. Then with a swift backward glance at the dark figure silhouetted in the doorway he silently opened a drawer at his right and extracted a small package, with a red label—Poison.

* * *

When they were quite still Archer managed to free himself Then touched by a morbid curiosity he turned to unmask them.

It was unfortunate that the first one he uncovered was his chum, Tate. You see, his heart was weak.

W.D.C

# BOB'S LEGACY.

**THE COMING AND GOING OF AN UNCLE'S TRUST.**

**By C. ASHLEY HUNT.**

I'm a disappointed man. A right-down, straight-up, undiluted sample of disappointment.

The trouble began with the postman's knock one morning. I answered as usual, and was accosted by "Good morning, sir!" and a foolscap envelope that had a legal aspect about it. Pushing the door to, I opened it there and then, as gingerly as though it probably contained a police court summons. Out came two papers, both ominously blue. In a maze I faced the first, and a glance at the opening phraseology told me that the legal suspicion was the correct one.

> Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you that the will of your late lamented uncle, John Washup, has at last been proved, with the result—so far as yourself is concerned—that the enclosed codicil will show. We have the honour to remain,
>
> Your obedient servants,
>
> WILLS AND WAYS,
>
> (Solicitors to deceased).

On the tiptoe of expectancy I tremblingly tackled the second:—

> *Codicil No.* 2.—"And to my much respected nephew, Robert Wiggs, knowing the gentleness of his disposition and his goodness of heart, I leave and bequeath my goat, Billy; feeling assured that in his charge the pet of my late years will find a kind and indulgent master and friend, and a home befitting his declining condition and age."

"What's the trouble, Bob?" shouted my wife. "You look as though you had been handshaking a banshee."

"Er—it's uncle's will, and ——"

"Hooroo! He's left us a fortune, hasn't he, Bob?"

"Fortune! Um—yes. It's a bally—er—billy goat, or Billy the goat, or some goat or other," feeling as though my feet had suddenly kicked up and pierced my brain pan with the toe-nails.

"Goat!" yelled my partner. "Goat be hanged! We don't have any of his goats here I'll see, the old ——" forgetting the old man was dead, and giving vent to her rage at the collapse of her hopes, in a tightening of the teeth and an upraising of a clenched fist.

"I came into violent contact with a big tea-chest outside a shop."

Likewise didn't say the youngsters, for they all broke into a chorus "A goat! A goat! We're going to have a goat!" and raising a hullabaloo that drove me off to work precipitately and at once.

A few days later, during the evening I received the following message from the railway people at our station:—

> Dear Sir,—A goat, consigned to yourself, has been in our custody for the last two days. Please fetch the same away at once. Enclosed is the bill of charges.
>
> Yours, etc., —. ———.

A chill ran down my spine as I opened the aforesaid. There, staring me in the face, were the items:—

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| To keep ... ... ... | 2 | 0 |
| Damages ... ... ... | 5 | 0 |
| Total ... ... ... | 7 | 0 |

Great Jehosophat! Seven shillings, and before I had even set eyes on the beast! Off to the station I rushed, bill in hand.

"Er—about that goat!" I began as I bolted into the parcels office.

"Yes! Take it away at once, please."

"But it's preposterous, outrageous!" I protested. "Five shillings for damages, and only ——"

"If you doubt it, look in here," and the man led the way to a small room where the creature had been caged. Certainly it looked a fair specimen of a wreck; but I was still a bit dubious.

"Good lor! Do you mean to say ——"

"Yes, I do. And if he stays here much longer it'll be £5 instead of five shillings."

I paid the damages forthwith and departed.

In the street the animal, now at the end of a rope, went straight enough for about ten yards. Then he came to a shop with a door at each end. Without warning he jerked the rope loose, downed his head, and bolted into the shop, and out at the other end, with myself, with the vision of further damages, in hot pursuit. When I rushed again into the street, there he was, laid out along the pavement, and regarding me as I approached, with a wicked sort of leer in his one eye.

I felt a bit nettled. "Come! Get on with it!" with a punch at his old carcase, and the brute re-started. We got on fairly well for some little distance, when the bounder made another bolt. This time I hung on to the rope like grim death. But in the mad flight I came into violent contact with a big tea-chest outside a shop, and went flying, clean over it into the road. When I picked myself up, covered in dust and dirt, there was murder in my heart.

"Go it, you cripple! Go it, and God bless you," I shouted after the vanishing goat, with my clenched fist holding aloft. The remainder of the journey home was in the nature of a triumphal procession. All the youths in the neighbourhood seemed to have joined in the chase of that goat. When I landed at the gate, there they were, all in a crowd, giggling and cheering; and there, in the front garden, eating his fill off geraniums, was the bally goat.

That night, having no shed ready, I made him fast to a stake near the lawn in the back garden. When I came down in the morning, lor lummy! the lawn was gone, every blade down the billy goat's throat. And the rope was gnawed through. But where was the brute? Feeling like a flood fresh from Hades I started the search. It didn't take long. In about two seconds I came upon the green-house door, with the panels crashed in. I crept through the aperture, and holy smoke! the whole floor was covered with wrecked flower pots, from which every shed of verdure and leafage had vanished.

I am naturally meek and gentle, as the reader will probably have surmised by now, and I had a sincere desire to carry out my late uncle's dying wishes, in spite of any little unpleasant disappointment. But!—there's a limit; and that limit had been reached. Stealing off to a friend's I borrowed a revolver, and on returning I forcibly invited Billy to an interview at the bottom of the garden. When in an easy position I let fly, cocking the pistol rifle fashion. Pop! The blamed thing kicked, and landed me an injury on the forehead, the marks of which I shall carry for many a day.

As for the goat—he still sat looking at me with his wicked leer. I was unnerved, unstrung; I was not made for fire-arms, nor they for me. But my mind was made up. And the following evening I invited my friend to come and dispatch the goat himself. He came. Three times he cocked and aimed, and the infernal shooter missed fire. Then it went off—before its time; and when the smoke cleared away, there lay my wife's pet cat, a corpse, stretched along the path. Four times I sold the goat for a mere song, just to help pay something towards the expenses; and each time he found his way back. I couldn't get rid of him; I couldn't kill him—the brute wouldn't leave me.

So things went on for some five months. Then came the climax. Not for the goat—for us, I mean. We had to clear out of the neighbourhood. The neighbours avoided us and left us severely alone, and all because of that goat and his depredations.

In the new neighbourhood things went on all right for a few days—Billy seemed amazed and lost amid his new surroundings. Then the old games began again. I wouldn't stand it any longer, uncle or no uncle, legacy or no legacy. We had stood it for just six months—six months all but three days to be exact—and we had a stomach full of it.

In the evening I went to a local butcher's—a man who, I had noticed, had a small farm-yard of animals and birds.

"Er—I've got a billy goat—would you like it?"

"Um"—leisurely eyeing me up and down. "How much?"

"Nothing, my dear sir! You see, I haven't the room to spare, and ——"

"All right, mister. Fetch 'im up, and I'll put 'im in the yard with the others."

I left the old demon at the butcher's and a more deliriously happy fellow never tripped through the streets than myself, after the slipping of the burden.

Three mornings later the postman again handed me a legal looking envelope. Lord! Is it more goats? thought I. With a terrible sinking at the heart I opened and read. It was a communication from the same solicitors, and ran:

Dear Sir,—Our late client, your lamented uncle, instructed us before decease, to inform you six months after his pet goat had come into your possession, that, providing you had it in your keeping at the date, and in good and well-cared-for condition, there was a legacy of £500 to be handed to you immediately on proof that the conditions had been carried out."

"Great Heavens! Holy Moses!" I raved, also tore at my hair. Then I snatched up my hat.

"What's up?" yelled my wife, "is it that goat?"

"Yes! It's that d—er—blighted goat!" (for the first time in my life nearly bursting forth into profanity), and with that I slammed the door and fled down the street. Into the butcher's I shot.

"Oh! About that goat—!" as the butcher came forward. He eyed me with a lop-sided look, but returned no answer.

"About that goat!" I began again.

"'Ave you—er—'ave you got another to—er—dispose of?" reflectively rubbing at his chin.

"No! But I'll take that one back again."

The butcher returned no answer, only stood and eyed me up and down.

"I'll," I burst out excitedly, "I'll give you £5 for that goat."

"Straight?" asked the butcher as his manner immediately brightened.

"Yes! Spot cash! Down on the nail," and with that I took out a £5 note and handed it across. The butcher doubled it up and put it away in his pocket. "Come on, then!" and he led the way through the shop to the back, entering the slaughter-house, with me at his heels.

And there, near the entrance, was the billy goat, dead as a mitten, skinned, trussed, and skewered, hanging from a hook on the rafters.

"Lord! I thought he was alive!"

"Alive!" with a short laugh. "Not much. He was alive for a day, and the old devil played hellover with the place inside and out. One day was enough, mister, I give you my word. And now," eyeing me from the corner of his eye, "he's just about ready for the sausage machine, and that's where he was going 'smorning.

I was dumb-struck, speechless. Five hundred pounds lost by a short head—two days, to be exact! The butcher broke in upon my profound chagrin. "Will you take 'un with you, or shall I send un up on a barrer?"

I returned no answer.

Sadly I wended my way home, pondering the unutterable perversity of things. Yes, I am a disappointed man, I am.

# AFTER THE FIGHT.

### DRISCOLL'S MODESTY AND FLYING TRIP HOME.

They were thrilling moments. The audience which crowded the National Sporting Club on that memorable June evening stood up like one man. They clapped, they shouted their exclamations of delight, they almost split their throats with round after round of tremendous cheering.

The eyes of everyone—admiring eyes—were riveted on two figures in the ring, one standing erect, his gloved hands resting on his hips, his face aglow with a smile of gratitude to those who were proclaiming him their hero; the other a vanquished opponent.

## Rivals, But Friends.

Jim Driscoll, the feather-weight champion of the world, had maintained the title after a great fight, and as he glanced for a minute or so at the Frenchman he had just beaten, the look of triumph faded from his face, and on those well-cut features I traced an expression which reflected the man—it was an expression of kindly sympathy.

Jean Poesy saw it, and the men clasped hands. Rivals they had been, but friends they parted.

Half an hour later I found Driscoll in his dressing-room surrounded by a bevy of worshippers. Everyone talked of the fight, everyone praised the wizard from Wales, but he sat silent, thoughtful. It was a bewildering situation, but that was not his trouble. If I read him aright he was looking at another picture, of the old folks at home, and those he loved, for Driscoll, although of Irish extraction, has all the characteristics of the Welsh—he is warm-hearted, affectionate. The cheering of the multitude was naught compared with the welcome smiles of a mother and a wife. It was this love of home which prompted him to return to Cardiff on the following day, although he was back in London next morning on his way to the Derby—for Jim never misses the great race.

## "David and Goliath."

But more of the scene in the dressing-room. Distinguished men came in and patted the little champion on the shoulder, his friends crowned him as King of his class, but he remained the same modest man I had often seen before. Just a polite "Thank you" escaped his lips, and nothing more.

Amidst the hubbub a voice at the door announced "Sir ———." In walked a middle-aged gentleman faultlessly attired in evening dress. He was followed by a finely set-up young fellow.

"We are proud of you," quoth Sir ———, as he shook the boxer's hand warmly.

Driscoll was embarrassed at such attention. "Thank you, Sir ———," he replied.

"This is my son. He would like a course of instruction by you with the gloves," proceeded the knight.

Standing there straight and tall, a perfect physical specimen, Sir ———'s son, a man of about twenty-seven years, towered above the little feather-weight. It was a strange sight—David and Goliath and as "David" looked up at his gigantic would-be pupil he modestly expressed his willingness to "show him anything he could." And the arrangement was thereupon sealed.

Quite a procession of admirers filed their way into the room after this—titled men, army officers, and others, including a well-known London specialist, who engaged the fighter in a whispered conversation on certain phases of his training.

Many other such incidents occurred on that memorable evening, incidents which demonstrated that even in the character of a pugilist there are qualities—noble qualities.

What a splendid lesson it would have been to those who, lost in their ignorance of the "noble art," condemn it as a degrading sport.

## Prejudice in Wales.

In Cardiff, Driscoll's native town, this ridiculous prejudice is perhaps stronger than in other parts of the country. Yet those who know the feather-weight champion are aware that in the Welsh metropolis, many distressed families have tasted of the kindness and large-heartedness of a "prize fighter."

Jim Driscoll, the feather-weight champion of the world, is a man of many qualities. And he is not the only artist of the ring who can lay claim to what is so selfishly denied them by the narrow-minded opponents of what may be truly called a noble, scientific art.

W.T.M.

# SHOULD A MAN RE-MARRY?

## SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS WHY HE SHOULD NOT.

It is a difficult question, as the answer depends so much upon circumstances, but as a general rule I do not think a man is acting rightly in marrying again. Why should he?

### The Reasons Advanced.

Many reasons have been put forward—reasons which are really no more than excuses. For instance, it may be argued that he has children to look after, and on their account alone it would be better if he re-married. Again, perhaps his first marriage has been an unhappy one. In that case, why shouldn't he take the chance of repairing his loss? Yet again, the widower may, perhaps, lead a lonely life; why shouldn't he seek a companion to relieve his loneliness? But as I said, these are merely excuses—not reasons.

In any case, the marriage would be one of convenience, and convenience—as everyone knows, or should know—is not the right motive; neither is it conducive to happiness. But supposing his second mariage is the outcome of the right motive? For myself, I do not think this is possible, unless his first marriage was a mistake, for no man can love twice in the real sense of the word.

It is a significant fact that most men who re-marry usually choose a woman who is many years their junior. This in itself is a strong argument against second marriages. It cannot be said that the attachment is one of the mind, for the attraction is entirely physical. Of course, there must be a physical side to all affection between man and woman, but when marital happiness depends solely upon physical beauty, the result of the union will be a sadly tragic one to both contracting parties.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer once said, *apropos* of this subject, that whenever a man felt bound to marry a second time, he should avoid any great disparity of age. That age and youth should be joined in wedlock was an unseemly thing—a thing every bit as unseemly as that winter should embrace spring.

### Insurmountable Barrier.

There is one insurmountable barrier to re-marriage—a complete affinity in the first marriage. This affinity, if absolute and perfect, will remain ever after death. I know a man whose wife died some five or six years ago. So perfect was their union that even now he seems to speak to her and ask her advice—just as he did in the days when she was alive. The mere thought of a second marriage to this man would be positively revolting to his finer instincts.

Men sometimes re-marry for the sake of the children. They think it is best that the little ones should have maternal attention. The motive is an excellent one, but the marriage seldom brings about the desired effect. Oftentimes the woman will neglect the children in a most callous fashion, sometimes even going so far as to be downright cruel to them.

### Inviting Disaster.

But, after all, is it to be wondered at—especially when she has children of her own. Her children will always take first place in her heart, the husband comes next, and his children last. For a woman will seldom give such tender care and devotion to other people's children as she would to her own. She is not their *real* mother—nor their nurse.

Whichever way you look at it, I do not think you will find a logical reason why a man should re-marry. As a rule, second marriages not only bring unhappiness, but sometimes disaster, to all parties concerned.

V. S. D.

# THE SMUGGLER'S FOE:

## WHAT A CUSTOMS OFFICER HAS TO DO.

One of the familiar sights on the docks of any of our large seaports is the Customs Officer, in his peaked cap and brass buttons. The first man aboard ship as a vessel comes alongside the quay, and probably the last to leave as she slips her moorings; his word is law, and from the captain on the bridge to the humblest member of the forecastle he is treated by all with deference and courtesy.

### The £ s. d. Question.

The service is entered between the ages of 18-22, and the pay commences at about £60 per annum, together with uniform. This pay, however, is considerably augmented at many ports by overtime and seizure money—a percentage of the fine inflicted on the would-be smuggler who is detected attempting to rob H.M. Customs of its lawful dues, by bringing in contraband goods without paying duty.

Usually the officers work in pairs, a senior and a junior. The day is split up into eight hour watches, midnight to 8 a.m., 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and 4 p.m. to midnight, and as one pair finish they are relieved by the next in rotation. The work is various, depending on the size of the port. In the smaller ports it consists chiefly of boarding every vessel on arrival, seeing that she has a clean bill of health, sealing up all contraband stores after the stipulated allowance has been left out, searching the passengers' baggage, and assessing duties on any dutiable articles in their possession. In larger ports there is naturally considerably more patrol work, both on land and water, the smart little Customs' motor-launch being a familiar sight, especially on river ports.

On many boats—usually tramp steamers running weekly between the Continent and a home port—a regular practice is made of smuggling through tobacco, scent, saccharine, etc. The articles are generally hidden away in some secure hiding place, until after the officer's visit, and then concealed about the person and carried ashore where they are disposed of to some dealer "in the know." The hiding places devised are many and ingenious.

### Scent in a Gin Bottle.

A brick holding the stokehold ladder in position may be hollow and contain a pound of "plug" tobacco; another parcel of plug is sewn up in canvas, dipped in tar, and stowed away amongst the coal in the bunkers. A casual glance under a sailor's bunk may reveal a row of plugs nailed to the wooden frame, while a judicious poke with a steel rod into a heap of ashes or a rake through the bilges may reveal the presence of boxes of cigars. An innocent looking bottle of Hollands gin—on which, of course, a small duty is levied—sometimes proves to be scent, whilst a considerable quantity of saccharine was once run through the port of Hull by being artfully hidden in the bottom of tins of mustard.

### In Case of Non-payment.

When these hidden treasures are brought to light the owner is found, brought before the Collector of Customs, and fined—usually three times the cost and duty, a percentage of which fine goes to the officer who made the capture. If the culprit is unable to pay, he is handed over to the police and sent to goal.

That the life is not unattended by danger the following incident serves to show. An officer in Liverpool, before going off duty, mislaid some of his papers aboard a liner. Rushing carelessly into the forecastle where he had last been, he accidentally upset a small altar before which a number of Chinamen were burning "joss sticks." In a moment pandemonium reigned supreme. Knives were quickly drawn, and a rush made for the desecrator, who was luckily able to slip on deck and gain the assistance of his comrades, and the white portion of the crew. A tragic ending was thus evaded, but the officer was quickly moved to another part of the docks to avoid further hostilities.

### No Room for Any Fear.

Night duty, also, is often a source of danger, especially in winter, when patrolling the ill lit docks in a snow storm, boarding an incoming steamer in mid harbour in pouring rain, or handling a small boat in rough water, call for a clear head and an absence of fear.

Generally speaking, the life is healthy and attractive, short hours and fair and certain pay combining with the ultimate prospect of a good pension.

# THE REMEDY FOR STRIKE FOOLERY.

## WHAT IT IS UP TO ALL TO RECOGNISE.

Last week I was considering the present and future effects of the new labour policy on the workers themselves. It was the merest outline, for to give the full story of it one would require at least a whole number of the *Modern Man*, but it was sufficient, perhaps, to show how serious is the position to-day. Our industries are being shattered, the funds of the trade unions are being scattered broadcast, the intolerable increase in the cost of living caused by the strikes is cutting at all, and especially at the poorest, and in the programme of the agitators there is nothing that promises any peace, either in the near or the distant future.

### Solid Foundation for Prosperity.

What I have to do now is to indicate the way by which we may come to a peace that shall be just to all parties, and shall form a solid foundation upon which the prosperity of our industries may be built.

It is scarcely necessary to insist on the fact that if industry is to prosper there must be peace. If merchants and manufacturers cannot undertake to carry out the orders they receive, those orders will go elsewhere. If our factories and works are idle, then the factories and works in other countries will be busy. If we disappoint our customers they will go elsewhere.

### Chances for Contracts.

Everyone knows that that is what actually happens. The coal strike enabled many of our competitors in other countries to make contracts with our customers which will deprive us of those customers for the rest of time. Orders for iron and steel goods which we have been unable to supply on account of strikes have gone to Germany and America—and gone to stay. The cotton mills of other countries are run for the most part on business which has been bothered away from Lancashire by failure on account of strikes to execute orders.

Peace, then, is necessary. It is certain, however, that there can be no abiding peace so long as there is on either side an abiding sense of injustice. I don't refer to the petty irritation which is always present in the relations of men. You can't do away with that, and it is not so very important. It is silly and wasteful, if you like, but it is not enormously injurious.

The thing we have to deal with is a conviction, a deep-seated belief on the part of either employers or workers that they are not being treated fairly. So long as that conviction endures, there will be the chance of outbreaks. Injustice will be revenged sooner or later, and it is necessary to do all that is possible to remove injustice. We must see to it that we do not oppress either capital or labour.

### Capital Doesn't Strike.

If you oppress capital it doesn't strike. It simply gets out. Make an industry unprofitable, and that industry dies, because no one will put money into it. If by taxation, increasing wages, and the rest, you force a mill-owner to work at a loss he will simply stop working that mill, and no one else will take it over. The place will be closed, and the people it employed will be thrown out of work.

There is an example of this in our agricultural districts. The growing of corn became unprofitable, and attempts to grow it ended in bankruptcy for the farmers. The result is that if I go to-day to the villages of Kent, which I knew as a child, I find field after field of what was once corn-land turned into pasture.

The men who worked on it have been compelled to go away to look for work in other places, and there are left only a few to take care of the cattle. The deserted villages of England are a very solid sort of proof of the disastrous consequences of tormenting capital beyond the limits of its endurance.

### Where Statesman and Agitator Part.

But if capital must not be tormented, neither must labour. If you make labour desperate, it will simply tell you to take yourself to—well, to any old place you like. You must treat it fairly, or it will not work, and it must be your endeavour to discover and keep the balance between capital and labour.

You must, that is, find the rate of wages which will reward labour adequately without driving capital frantic.

And here, you will note, the statesman and the agitator part company. The statesman is thinking of the industry, the agitator only of the men. The agitator's desire is to raise wages up and up and up, and he simply does not stop to consider the view of the other side. The statesman, on the other hand, is bound to consider the other side. He is anxious to preserve the industry, and he must act accordingly.

We have, then, these conditions, that both the employer and the worker must be treated well. We must do the best that we can for both. We must secure for the employer a fair return for his capital, and we must make sure that in return for his toil the worker is given a life worthy of the name. And beyond that—what?

This—and this is the conclusion of the whole matter: the terms which are agreed upon *must* be kept.

### Point to Insist Upon.

That is the point upon which we *must* insist; that is the hinge on which the whole thing turns. When once an agreement is made it *must* be observed by both sides with the strictest honesty. All the provisions *must* be carried out, and all the conditions *must* be fulfilled.

So we come to the point where Parliament must step in. If the various trades concerned are not inclined to keep the word which they have passed, then they must be compelled. Peace is necessary. All the forces of the Board of Trade may and must be employed to make that peace fair and honest. But, when once that has been done, all the forces of this Kingdom must be employed to secure that the terms which have been agreed upon shall be carried out.

### Only Way to Do It.

In other words, there must be compulsory arbitration.

That, I know, has a harsh sound to many ears, but there is no other way for it. If mere goodwill is not sufficient, then we must have behind it the force of the law, and the only way to apply the law to these troubles is the way of enforcing peace.

I am prepared to admit that a case has been made out for the establishment of a general minimum wage. I am ready to agree that that is desirable, and even necessary. But I am most firmly convinced that, if it is to be of the slightest value, there must go with it the principle of compulsion.

That is to say, those whose business it is to keep the peace of the land must be able to punish all who fail to do their share in the work. Strikers must be punished. They must be dealt with severely, and by law. There must be a strengthening of the laws of this land to make possible the punishment of all who refuse to carry out the contracts which may be entered into by the leaders of their unions.

### "Traitors to the State."

That is the point to which we must and shall come. As times goes on it will be admitted that labour has an increasing right to a share in the profit of its toil, but together with that recognition must go the sternest demand that labour shall carry out all contracts into which it may enter.

And if it fails, then the just demand will be that it shall be punished, and shall be compelled to give satisfaction.

The line, then, for our legislators is plain.

There must be established a fair minimum wage.

There must be a body empowered to consider and modify this according to the necessities of the time.

There must be provision made to punish most severely all who agitate against this wage, and to treat them as traitors to the State.

H. L.

# SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

## 23.—THE CHEAT OF A TAXI CLOCK.

*[We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

You will have noticed that sometimes I flew high, exploiting the rich and great for large sums; while at others I played it down low, diddling the needy out of coppers. As a rule, my swindles of the latter class were quite as ingenious in conception, and certainly no easier in execution, than those of the former class, for which I claim no special merit merely in virtue of their magnitude; although, for the sake of convenience, and as a matter of divisional nomenclature, they might be lumped together as first-class frauds, and the others as third-class.

### An Incident at Waterloo.

My taxi-cab swindle, with a few more, comes in between as a second-class job. Just as an author is not the best judge of the relative worth of his own books, or an artist of the relative beauty of his own paintings, I am not, I suppose, the most competent referee as to the cleverness of my own achievements on the crook; but the little game I played as a taxi "fare" has always seemed to me to have points of its own—points that encourage me to include it among these revelations of mine before I close them down.

In a sense, I owed the original idea to an accident, though the connection between the accident and my elaborated scheme was not a very close one.

Strictly speaking, what I have called an accident was not an accident at all, but an incident. The thing happened in this way:—

Having driven from my rooms to Waterloo, en route for Salisbury races, I got out without looking at the indicator, and handed to the driver a fare of two shillings, plus the price of a drink. Pocketing the latter, and displaying the florin in the palm of his hand:

"This isn't right, sir," the man declared; "look at the clock, please."

### A Cheap Discovery.

I did so. It registered two and eightpence against me. Now, having done the same journey in other taxi-cabs, over precisely the same roads, time after time, and never once having had more than the level two shillings stuck up, I knew for a cert. that I was being had for the odd eightpence. But my train was due out within a couple of minutes, and I could not afford to lose it for the sake of such a trifle, so I handed it over without a word of dispute. I didn't even let the chauffeur see that I had noted his number. As a matter of fact, I was very pleased to have knocked across him, for in him I knew that I had found at last what I had long been looking for—a really smart, dishonest taxi-shover. The discovery would be very cheap indeed at eightpence.

The next day I looked him up at the stand from which I had hired him, and taking him off into the nearest saloon bar came to the point at once. In order to get on easy terms with him without any beating about the bush, I asked pleasantly:

"How do you manage that little fake of yours with the register? I hadn't time to compliment you yesterday morning—you remember me—the Salisbury racing special—but you did me out of that little bit over very neatly indeed. The trick ought to stand you in well."

### Settling on the Dodge.

Of course he satisfied himself first that I wasn't a split—which did not take him long the way I handled him—and, once clear on that point, he opened out, dropping all the indignant-denial nonsense he had started off with; and then I opened further out in return. With the quick intelligence I had expected him to manifest, he tumbled like knife to the points of the dodge I proposed to him, and agreed with alacrity to come into it with me.

He had a pull on me in knowing that I couldn't work the game single-handed, which was its one drawback; and he tried me on for halves. It was a fixed principle of conduct with me, on the rare occasions when collusion was a necessary evil, never to treat an accomplice meanly, but in this case halves would have been positively unfair to myself, for I was not only going to do the greater part of the work and run a heavier risk, but should have to bring into play qualifications of audacity and ability for which there would be no need on my partner's side.

So I was firm on two-thirds of the proceeds as my share, and carried this essential point without much haggling. In my experience, there is more of a fair spirit of give-and-take between co-operating principals in a deal off the straight than there is between partners of less enterprise and more honesty in ordinary lines of business.

We parted on the best of terms, I confident that I had met with the very man I wanted for my purposes in view, and he making no disguise of the feelings of admiration and respect which my conversation had inkindled in him.

### Operations at Once.

We started operations at once, no preparations being necessary for the execution of the delightfully simple variation I had hit on of the played-out old swindle of making purchases from greedy tradesmen, and getting them to cash stumers for something over the purchase price. I was well-dressed, had a nice assortment of spoof cards in my card case, and a cheque-book on a Hounslow bank, which I had availed myself the day before of an opportunity of pinching from the dust-coat of a fellow-sport going down to the course. He was a most unscrupulous man, for he bolted into the lavatory of the train to dodge the ticket collector, leaving, with reprehensible thoughtlessness, his coat behind him on the rack.

### The First List of Names.

All I had to do before taking my seat in the taxi-cab and driving off to our first victim was to draw up a first list of a dozen names and addresses, and hand it to my chauffeur—save, indeed, for the mere detail of settling at what figure the register should be fixed, and so fixing it. We decided on a cash distance of twelve and tenpence to begin with. Considering the time of day, I couldn't very well have run up a higher score, but with the advance of the hours we could reasonably advance the money clock. As for my new partner's exact method of manipulating his infallible and incorruptible mile measurer, I shan't give it away.

The top name on the list was that of a celebrated gun-smith in the Strand, and to his address we made our speedy way in high spirits.

As I alighted from the cab and stepped across the pavement, the door of the shop was opened for my entrance, and within the proprietor—let me call him Mr. Barrel, as I am not allowed to give real names in these memoirs—received me with a courteous bow.

"Mr. Barrel?"

I had pulled myself together, and assumed the military air and manner of address that, I flatter myself, I was always able to adopt convincingly. I hadn't been a Volunteer for three weeks for nothing.

"At your service, sir."

### Guns for Big Game.

"I want you to show me the latest thing you have in the way of rifle guns for big-game shooting. I understand that you specialise in the sort of thing I want."

A few questions on his part to ascertain the scope of my requirements, and as many ready answers on my part, designed to let him understand that "price was no object," and then we were in the thick of a deal, a number of beautiful weapons being brought out for my examination.

Now you don't select a rifle for big-game shooting with the free-and-easy, time-saving carelessness that you generally manifest in choosing a tie or a pair of gloves. There are all sorts of queries you want cleared up, a lot of tests and comparisons to be made. So there was really nothing suspicious in the suggestion I let off after a few minutes, especially as I had taken care to manage that old Barrel

under the impression that his prospective cus- a wealthy officer in a crack regiment of cavalry. name I gave smelt of money.

## Troubled in His Selection.

"My [illegible] Barrel, you know, I can't make up my mind [illegible] Every fresh gun you show me seems [illegible] improvement on the last one—but I must have the [illegible] kind of sport I'm going in for, if it takes me all [illegible] of the day to sort it out."

"[illegible] long as that, Major," smiled the shopkeeper.

"[illegible] take my time, anyhow," said I, with both my [illegible] busily engaged in sighting a rifle and in opening and [illegible] its breach. "Let somebody see what I owe my taxi [illegible] outside, will you? and I'll pay him off."

"[illegible] sir"—and out went a shopman, reporting to [illegible] on coming in again almost immediately.

"[illegible] tenpence, Major Lubbock," said the latter.

"[illegible] ally."

[illegible] were more closely occupied than ever, and my [illegible] even more engrossed, as I added with superb [illegible] "Just send the man out fifteen shillings, if [illegible] mind—will you, Barrel? I fancy this gun will [illegible] and I'll add the fare to the price. How much did [illegible] was?"

"[illegible] ment, sir"—and he turned aside to direct his [illegible] to take out fifteen shillings to the chauffeur, whom [illegible] drive off—for Wellington Street, where he was to [illegible] for me. The whole episode passed off in the most [illegible] matter-of-course style.

[illegible] to hasten and close the negotiations. The [illegible] concluded—the terms are really misnomers, for [illegible] "negotiating" and no "bargaining"—I an-

## [illegible]ngered by Small Mistake.

[illegible] you to send the gun to Bulford Camp, on [illegible] Plain. I shall be quartered there till I sail for [illegible] the manœuvres."

[illegible] little thing happened that proved once again [illegible] those tiny mistakes that no care, no experience, [illegible] nce of memory, no attention to detail, can ever [illegible] with absolute certainty. I had mentioned that I [illegible] the Buffs, but had omitted to ascertain where the [illegible] Buffs were stationed. Barrel did know where they were, [illegible] a flash out came the nasty remark:

"I thought the Buffs were at Aldershot, Major?"

[illegible] might have been awkward; in fact, for a moment it [illegible] awkward. However, I was equal to the emergency. [illegible] turning a hair, and with just a hint in voice and [illegible] quick to take offence, for all my affa- [illegible] quietly:

"[illegible] on the Headquarters staff at present," and [illegible] danger vanished into thin air. I cut short the [illegible] thought it incumbent on him to begin to proffer [illegible] pen and ink.

## On the Verge of Laughter.

"[illegible] a cheque on my bankers at Hounslow." [illegible] as I spoke, adding the fifteen bob.

"[illegible] you distinctly to understand, Mr. Barrel, [illegible] not to send me what I have bought until you [illegible] it. There are such a lot of scoundrels [illegible] their bogus cheques, that I have become very [illegible] in imposing on all my tradespeople, on the occas- [illegible] deal as a personal stranger, this condition [illegible] pose on you."

[illegible] experienced by the ingenuous tradesman I [illegible] done out of a fictitious cab fare, was evinced so [illegible] I had some little difficulty in postponing the [illegible] soon as I was fairly outside his shop.

## [illegible]illery Proprietor Sold.

[illegible] afternoon, on almost precisely the [illegible] called a Bond Street jeweller out of another [illegible] in the evening, we planked up the taxi [illegible] seven—smilingly paid by the proprietor [illegible] who thought he was landing me with a [illegible] masterpiece.

[illegible] day we worked longer and made more; and [illegible] easily, gentlemanly little game got blown [illegible] pounds a day.

# IN FUNNYLAND.

### SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

The author was enlarging on the necessity of using words with delicate care. "Observe all the subtle distinctions. Never say 'vision,' for instance, when 'sight' is what you mean."

"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted a friend.

"Isn't there?" said the author. "And yet, Jimmy, when you and I passed each other in Regent Street yesterday, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one you were with was a sight!"

## How they Differed.

"Now," said the millionaire to the waiter at the country hotel after he had stopped his motor car to have a snack, "let me have the bill, please."

"What have you had, sir?" demanded the waiter.

"Four sandwiches and two glasses of cider," replied the millionaire quickly. "Wait a minute! What has the chauffeur had downstairs?"

"One minute, sir, and I will find out."

The waiter was absent for some time.

"The chauffeur, sir," answered the knight of the napkin, "has had an omelette, a grilled trout, lamb cutlets and peas, a cup of black coffee, a fine brand cigar, and one pint of champagne."

## A Nasty Insinuation.

It was a divorce, and the detective witness came to the box wearing a frock coat, and looked much more like a respectable middle-aged solicitor than a member of the police force. The man's testimony was damaging to his client, so the learned counsel began his cross-examination very gently and was excessively polite.

"I believe you are John Blank of the firm of Blank and Co., the eminent detectives?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I presume," continued the counsel, "that in the course of your duties as a detective you have at times to assume many disguises?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the counsel, smiling, "will you have the goodness to tell the court just what you are disguised as now?"

## Law and the Ham.

A certain lawyer was a candidate for municipal honours recently. Whilst out canvassing, he knocked at a cottage door, which was opened by a woman.

"Is your husband in, Mrs. C——?" inquired the lawyer.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I know what you want. My husband is sure to vote for you, because you got him off for stealing that ham last week."

"No, no; alleged stealing of the ham," corrected the lawyer.

"Alleged, be blowed!" was the woman's smiling answer. "Why, we've got a bit of it left now; lemme give you a sandwich out of it, sir."

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## I WONDER!

Tell me, thou moon, thou patrol of the night
Shedding on earth a pale, ethereal light—
To my love's casement, ever steal'st thou near?
See'st thou my sweet before her mirror clear?
Tell me, O Luna! tell me lest I faint,
Say—*Does she paint?*

Ye little shining stars, that twinkling steal
Across the arch of Heaven—could ye reveal
Whether my love?—Ah me! I dare not ask,
I fear to put on ye so great a task;
But answer this—believe me, I'm no prig—
*Wears she a wig?*

O nightingale, that carols on the tree,
And lulls my sweet to sleep, to dream of me,
Tell me, thou night-bird, as thou singest there,
And watch'st my dear one nightly bind her hair—
Does she, dear bird, when no one is about,
*Take her teeth out?*

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

# MY NOTE BOOK.

**WHAT READERS ARE DOING.**

My "by the way" note last week that Nice Place postcards are still obtainable has already brought many requests from readers to be supplied with some of them, and upon hearing from other friends I shall be pleased to see that a good selection is promptly dispatched to any address. Put to the use intended, they can certainly be made to provide both real surprise and merriment, and at the same time help your old favourite. This being so I feel sure my stock will soon require replenishing.

Bravo, Mr. Kean! Beyond the Tweed you have truly shown that you intend to live up to the spirit of your name, and you have done for the *Modern Man* in Aberdeen just what I would like other readers to do for me in every part of the country. Your stationer merits and secures my warmest thanks in promising to give the *Modern Man* posters a "good show," as you put it. In a like connection I am also indebted to a Gloucestershire reader and his newsagent.

"Will you please send me some specimen copies of the *Modern Man* for distribution among members of a rifle club and their friends?" wrote a Corporal from Bath this week. There's no need to tell you the strain in which I replied. My only hope is that the *Modern Man* has found another mark.

* * *

**CONCERNING BIRDS' NAMES.**

If not already known to you, the following information on birds' names, which I came across this week, should be of interest.

The cries or songs of some birds give them their names. The cuckoo got its name in this way. The mocking bird mimics the cries of other birds, and the owl gets its name from the Latin word "ululo," meaning to wail mournfully.

The swift is a quick flying bird. The chimney swallow is a bird that builds in chimneys. The sandpiper and the woodpecker get theirs from their habits. Some pigeons will always return to their homes, even if they are taken miles away, and so they are called homing pigeons.

The skylark gets its name from its habit of singing when it is high up in the air. The wagtail gets his from the incessant wagging of his tail.

From the Latin words murus, a wall, and tenco, which was shortened into murten, we get the name "martin," for the bank swallow. From the French pluvoir, to rain, we got the name plover. The bird is so called because he looks as if he were speckled with raindrops.

Many birds get names from their native countries. The Bantam and the Canary are among these. The turkey did not originally come from Turkey, as you might suppose. He gets his name from the sound he makes when he gobbles.

Penguins are birds with short wings, which look as if they were tied or pinioned to their sides—the old word for pinioned was pinwinged, and from this the birds get their names.

The name albatross comes from the Arabic "all cadros," a bucket—it refers to the pouch in the necks of birds of this family in which they were supposed to carry water to their young in the desert.

Donda, a Portuguese word meaning simpleton, is the origin of the name of the extinct bird, the dodo. The loon is said to get its name from its clumsy walk and its stupidity—so you see that you have to mind your manners even if you are a bird.

* * *

**A COUNTY GUIDES MOVEMENT.**

If accorded the support deserved, the County Guides movement for Essex, Herts and Middlesex should be very successful, and to the members of the *Modern Man* League in whose minds the idea originated, I extend hearty congratulations and best wishes. The object of the movement is to assist Regular forces by obtaining thorough practical knowledge of the respective counties.

The training will consist of military drill, horsemanship, rifle and revolver shooting, road sketching, use and preparation of maps and plans, scouting and general intelligence work, and there will be periodical tours to counties and competitions with separate counties, giving the London section a knowledge of Essex, Hertfordshire, and Middlesex.

The headquarters are at Canonbury Road L.C.C. School, Essex Road, N. and applications for enrolment should be made to the Hon. Secretaries, 28, Glazebrook Road, Clissold Park, N.

**CHINESE MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.**

Every now and then we hear something [illegible] Chinese morality, which finds expression [illegible] the proverbial phrases about "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." In conv[illegible] tion a few days ago with a friend who [illegible] recently returned from Hong Kong, I heard much to [illegible] one, but at the same time I heard something [illegible] pleased me.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago I had [illegible] sion to quote from William Jones' "Quaker Campaigns [illegible] Peace and War," and now I have again found it [illegible] bear tribute to Chinese mercantile integrity.

Remembering the record in the volume on the s[illegible] I questioned my friend in regard in it, and he himself [illegible] that the merchant class, as a rule, in their pecuniary [illegible] actions realise the truth that "Honesty is the best [illegible]

An extensive banking business is done in granting [illegible] simply upon personal security, and the Chinaman [illegible] so much importance to the value of his credit that he [illegible] borrow or beg of all his friends, or sell everything he [illegible] needful in order to meet his pecuniary obligations.

One general manager assured Mr. Jones that [illegible] twenty-five years' connection with his bank never a [illegible] dollar had been lost by these transactions.

* * *

**AN ENGLISH BUTLER'S GENIUS.**

Judging by a paragraph which a Ne[illegible] reader has forwarded me, there is [illegible] English manservant who should be [illegible] earn a good living even supposing a [illegible] were to oust him in his own line, [illegible] a correspondent asserted a fortnight ago, to [illegible] petition.

The servant in question, a butler, not so very [illegible] finished a curious clock out of an astounding co[illegible] odds and ends. He designed it himself and spent his [illegible] moments for about seven years in constructing it.

"In addition to showing the time of day and the se[illegible] my correspondent says, "it also shows the days of the [illegible] days of the month, months of the year and the phases [illegible] moon, besides striking the hours and half hours.

"The wheels were all originally of wood, but later [illegible] them were changed for others made with sheet iron [illegible] axles are all skewers and the bearings are the eyes [illegible] brass hinges and let into the wooden frame.

"Bootmakers' brads are used in making divisio[illegible] days of the week, etc.; the hammer it strikes wi[illegible] of a beer tap, and the pendulum, cut from an old [illegible] drawers, swings on a steel spring obtained from [illegible] corset. The dates themselves are taken from [illegible]

"The large hands and Roman figures are carved [illegible] the minutes around the dial pieces of matches. The [illegible] made of oak, with the exception of the panels, wh[illegible] walnut."

* * *

**SOME QUEER DISHES.**

Tastes vary in food. At what se[illegible] others turn up their noses. For [illegible] it isn't everyone who fancies ea[illegible] hoppers, yet they have been devo[illegible] the earliest times.

The Scriptures offer abundant evidence of this. [illegible] of Moses is very plain indeed in its permission to [illegible] of Israel to eat "the locust after his kind, the [illegible] after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the [illegible] hopper after his kind." There were two ways of p[illegible] grasshoppers to be eaten. They were either c[illegible] wine and eaten without cooking or else their wings [illegible] plucked off and they were boiled in salt water and [illegible] dried in the sun.

Ants are eaten in Africa. Junker relates that the chief of a tribe on the Mesharch River, in the Soudan, sent him twenty baskets of ants for provisions on his journey. They are pounded into a sort of paste which is said to taste like liver. Moths and butterflies have often been eaten, and the Romans used beetles as food. The Brazilians are said greatly to esteem a bug that feeds on the r[illegible] Chile and Peru one of the national dishes is a s[illegible] made of potatoes and the chiche, a beetlelike in[illegible] is found in quantities under stones along the water c[illegible]

Flies are not by any means to be slighted in making [illegible] the list of the queer things people eat. The black [illegible] Narrinjeri, in Africa, dine upon the larvae of the fly, which they find under the bark of certain trees. Nearly every species of vertebrate animal is somewhere or other eaten by human beings. In the Andaman Islands the eating of a live rodent is deemed a test of manhood, and no man, it is said, is permitted to marry until he has accomplished the feat.

YOUR [illegible]

# PERSONAL PARS.

## HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE.

Lord Ampthill stands six feet four inches in his shoes, and his striking figure and great strength recalls an amusing incident that took place some years ago at a political meeting.

A noisy interrupter, whose persistent remarks threatened to break up the meeting, was requested again and again to resume his seat, hold his tongue and listen. But to all he turned a deaf ear, whereupon Lord Ampthill, responding to cries from all parts of the room of "Turn him out!" seized the offender by the waist and lifted him bodily to the door, never relaxing his hold until the interrupter had been safely deposited in the street below.

### "John" and the Magpie.

The "annunciator," an instrument which announces to the Libraries of the House of Commons the name of the member who happens to be addressing the Chamber, was once responsible for bringing, in the space of two minutes, smiles and frowns to the face of Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

He was sitting unobserved one evening in a corner of the smoking-room enjoying a well-earned rest, when, through some error, the "annunciator" announced that he was speaking.

Highly enjoying the mistake, the Irish members to hear his speech; but to their intense surprise, however, no one rose, and while one member remarked: "Let him go on talking," others continued their smoking as if an oration from John Redmond was the least important happening in the world!

Mr. Redmond has a superstitious dislike of the number 13, especially at table, and it is further said that when he sees a magpie he will raise his hat to it.

### Theatregoer's Impudence.

An actor, of course, meets all sorts and conditions of men, and Sir George Alexander has had illustrated to him the cool impudence to be found in some people.

At St. James' Theatre, one evening, he heard that a man had had a fit in the stalls, and ordered him to be taken to his private room, while his manager sent for a doctor. When the physician had brought the man to consciousness, the youth who accompanied him, annoyed at having his evening spoilt, dragged the "guv.," as he called him, away by the arm.

Sir George kindly intimated to the departing pair that the doctor's fee was two guineas, but they refused to pay, and next day came an application for two free tickets for the stalls for that evening's performance in place of those of the previous evening. Needless to say, the application was refused, but Sir George paid the doctor his two guineas, as he had instructed his manager to send for him.

### "Cabby" and the Conjuror.

Mr. David Devant, who will introduce a few of his best known conjuring tricks at the command performance before the King and Queen at the Palace Theatre on July 1st, tells a funny story of his first introduction to the mystic art.

He came across a man who was giving a performance in a small shop in Islington. The price of admission was a penny, and even then business was not always good. In order to stimulate the curiosity of those who hung about outside the shop door, the conjurer would occasionally give a free show on the pavement.

His usual plan was to produce money from the whiskers of benevolent old gentlemen, from a baby's bottle—in fact, from any place where money is not found. The conjurer, however once made a fatal mistake. He produced half-a-crown from the pocket of a cabman who had got down from his box to go to the public-house next door.

### Pressing a Claim.

"Cabby" at once claimed it. He said he knew the coin was his because he had only taken one half-crown that day. At this time a few persons were clamouring to pay to go into the show, and therefore the conjurer did not stop to argue the matter with the cabman. The next he heard of the "cabby" was that he had been charged with attempting to pass a bad half-crown.

# EAR CHARM.

## TRY MUSIC FOR THE BLUES.

If there is one thing more than another responsible for cheerful dispositions and serenity of mind, even when in trouble, it is certainly music. Shakespeare tells us that where there is no love of music there can be no soul, and is this not verified in our every-day life? Is it customary to find the man who can enjoy to the full a musical evening at home a sordid, mean or morose character? Certainly not.

I have in my mind a man whom we used to call "Happy Harry." Nothing could ruffle his sunny outlook on life. No one, when in his company, could retain thoughts of ill, and it was a sure cure of a fit of the "blues" to spend a night with him. His supreme love of music was the secret of his joy.

In my opinion, however, the full enjoyment and pleasure to be derived from music cannot be secured if one is confined to listening to another's playing. One must be able, if possible, to play oneself. From experience I can testify that nothing is so potent a remedy for depression of mind as an appropriate air played on the piano by oneself. Whatever mood one may be in an acquaintance with music enables one to play at will airs which exactly harmonise with one's thoughts at the moment.

# HOW DIFFERENT.

"Dad, have—have you seen Harold since you told me he was too poor to think of—of marrying me?"

"Yes, I ran across him at the club last evening. We got into conversation, and he struck me—er——"

"Struck you! Oh dad!"

"Struck me as quite an agreeable young man. I understand his uncle has left him a hundred thousand pounds."

# CHEEK AND GENIUS.

## AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.

The definition of "cheek," according to the dictionary, is "cool confidence; brazen faced impudence, etc." The first definition is about correct, but the second is the definition of impertinence rather than of cheek.

### One of the Fine Arts.

Cheek is not the same thing as impudence, though it is closely connected. Cheek is, to me, one of the fine arts, and what every man ought to cultivate to a certain extent.

Cheek means self-confidence, even when the man has nothing to be confident of. Many a young man is not deficient in common sense, but he lacks cheek, therefore he does not succeed. Nowadays cheek is invaluable, often indispensable for success.

### Different from "Humbug."

I do not for a moment suggest that we should cultivate cheek for itself, but as being a means to an end. Many a good man has lived and died unknown to the world because he lacked cheek, and many have gone to the top of the tree with nobody and nothing to thank for it but cheek.

Cheek is not as bad as "humbug" and not so effeminate as "affectation." It assumes that you do not know of a better man than yourself, unless you have sufficient evidence for it. This is where the difference between cheek and humbug comes in. The humbug will not admit defeat even when he has had sufficient proof of it, and is conscious of it. The cheeky man, on the other hand, does not go so far as that. He is gentleman enough to take off his cap when convinced that he has met his match.

### Cure for Nervousness.

All men are not geniuses, but that does not say that they will be failures in life. In many cases cheek fills up the place of genius and talent. The man with genius minus cheek, and the man with cheek minus genius—two to one on the latter for me.

It is a perfect cure for nervousness. By cultivating cheek, the nervous and modest young man will effectually cure himself of the painful habit of blushing whenever he meets a young lady. Furthermore, the best of us will sometimes say a foolish thing, and the consciousness of having said it will be visible on the face of the speaker. That sheepish look betrays him. But if he has cheek and self-possession enough to look as if he said the best thing in the world, probably many of his hearers will never know that he has committed a blunder, and this will usually save him much unpleasantness.

### Some Further Advice.

But while advising thus, let us not forget to cultivate something better, more substantial, something more real and palpable, which will bear the scrutinising of wideawakes who will spot out many faults which, being under the cloak of cheek, may be invisible to the world; in short, let us be thorough men and sportsmen.

# Rapid Physical Development.

## BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

### MORE FINGER EXERCISES.

Last week I spoke of the necessity and value of developing strength and suppleness in the fingers, and gave some simple free gymnastics for the fingers.

This week, as promised, I continue with some mechanical exercises for the digits, the appliances required being simple, inexpensive, and within the reach of all.

### In Three Movements.

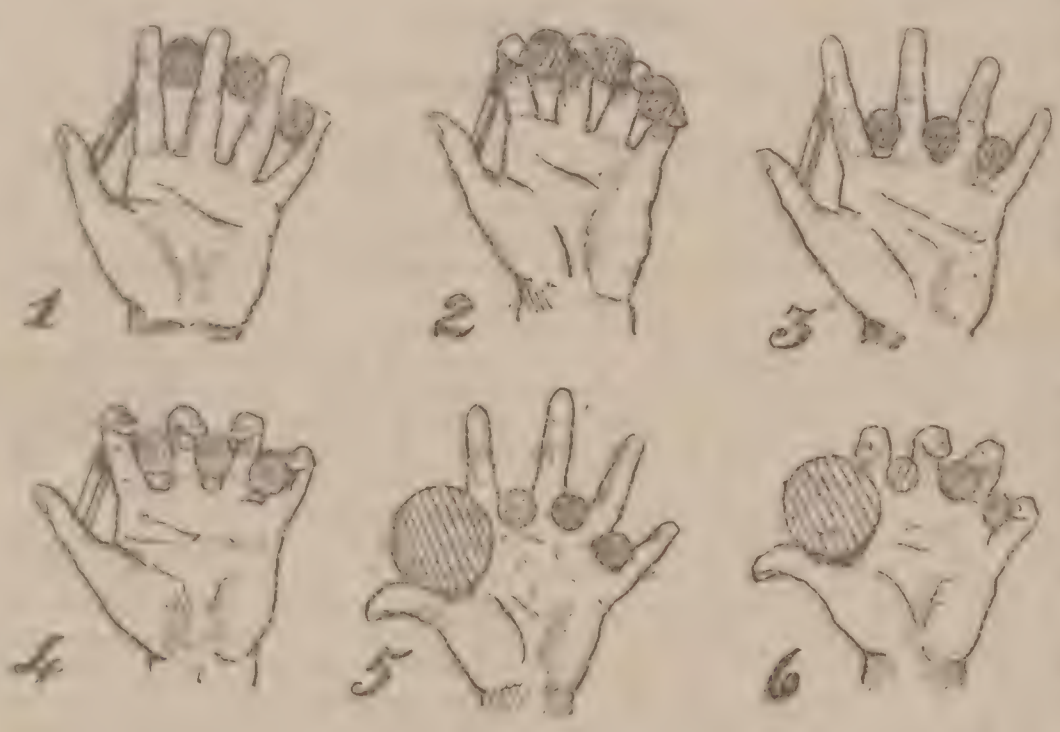
For our first movement all we need is three corks about three-quarters of an inch long, and from half to one inch in diameter, and a small round piece of wood, such as part of an unsharpened pencil. The latter is meant to be placed between the forefinger and thumb so as to force the thumb back as far as possible, and its length must depend on your capacity for bending the thumb backwards.

Now place the corks between the tips of the fingers (Fig. 1.), at the same time fixing the piece of wood as already described. Now, by extending and flexing the muscles and bending the fingers, move the corks into the positions shown in Fig. 2.

Second Movement.—Move the corks down to the roots of the fingers (Fig. 3), and again by extending and contracting the muscles and bending the fingers, bring the corks into the positions shown in Fig. 4.

Third Movement. For our third movement we discard the piece of wood, substituting a large flat cork between the forefinger and thumb, the small corks being right down in the forks of the fingers (Fig. 5). Now bend the fingers as much as possible, pressing the tips on the corks (Fig. 6).

These movements should be performed two or three times a day — if you are musical, immediately before practice or playing—and for a few minutes at a time.




### For the Knuckles.

The following exercises will be found very useful for stretching and loosening the ligaments and tendons of the large metacarpal joints, or in less scientific language, the knuckles.

Take hold of one finger of one hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other hand and vigorously shake it up and down so that it pivots on its root for about one minute. Treat the other fingers in succession in the same manner, paying particular attention to the third and fourth fingers, which are generally by far the weakest of the four.

Close one hand and place it on the palm of the other hand outstretched, pressing hard on it; then open and close the clenched fist as rapidly as you can and until you are tired, maintaining the pressure on the outstretched palm all the time. Change hands and repeat.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.M.D. (Northampton).—Cold baths and bathing in general are beneficial only when you feel "bucked up" by them. You say that cold baths leave you tired and chilled. Drop them!

ARTHUR (Beckenham).—To make a mustard poultice moisten the powder with a little water so that it forms a paste and spread this on a piece of linen, covering with muslin. After the poultice is removed it is advisable to cover the part with cotton wool.

G.C.L. (Ramsgate) says he has a horror of earwigs, and is haunted by the fear of one getting into his ear. Earwigs, of course, are no more partial to the human ear than any other kind of insect, but if an earwig or any other live things gets into your ear the remedy is simple: Lie down on your side with the affected ear uppermost, and get someone to fill the ear from a teaspoon with either warm water or sweet oil. This will at once carry the intruder out of the ear.

Incidentally, if you get any hard substance into the ear don't attempt to remove it yourself, or with amateur help, but make for a doctor, who will easily syringe the obstruction away.

FRANK (Lichfield).—Measurement very good. Certainly you should knock off your exercises one day a week.

L.W. (Hendon) [illegible]

P.B. [illegible]

C.F.D. [illegible]

[illegible] carbonate of potash, ten grains; vaseline, one ounce. [illegible] nightly, and, if necessary, in the morning also. [illegible] bowels well opened, take as much outdoor exercise [illegible] you can, and avoid rich foods. Sea bathing should [illegible] good. Let me hear from you again.

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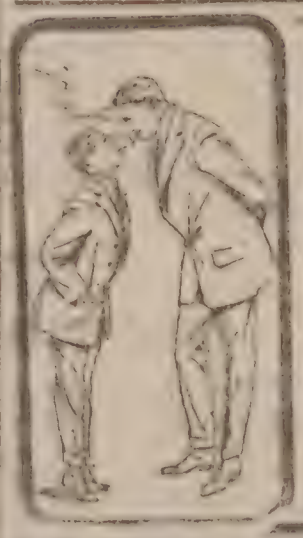

"I'll have to carry matches [illegible] it's not an easy job to get a light [illegible] you since you've had your height increased by the Girvan method."

If you are short, and would [illegible] be tall, why not write to me for particulars of my system? If you are [illegible] forty I can increase your height by two to three inches in three months. No appliances, no special d[illegible] drugs are required. My [illegible] entirely natural and scien[illegible] stamp for particulars.

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*Specialist in the Increase of [illegible]*

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# WEST END MASSAGE DENS: EXPOSING A RECENTLY REVIVED LONDON SCANDAL.

It is a good many years now since startling revelations [illegible] and a consequent vigorous movement on [illegible] gave the word "massage" an unsavoury [illegible] need hardly be further explained. But it [illegible] that this combined action of the Press and [illegible] had succeeded in stamping out the evil in [illegible]. That this, however, is not the case it is the pur- [illegible] article to show.

## Wearing a Nurse's Uniform.

[illegible] establishments which are no more nor less than [illegible] of ill-fame, conducted by unspeakable persons on [illegible] lines, are to be found in the West End at the present [illegible] and they flourish apace, for a very good reason. Their [illegible] are chiefly, not, as one paper recently put it, "men [illegible] town," but, rather, staid men occupying responsible [illegible] in the world of business, politics, or Society, who [illegible] strongest reasons for desiring that no breath of [illegible] shall be wafted against them.

[illegible] men obviously cannot patrol Leicester Square. [illegible] walk round and round the promenades of the [illegible] End music-halls. Consequently they find them- [illegible] to cloak their habits under some apparently [illegible] function.

[illegible] is the *raison d'etre* of the massage den. Now [illegible] facts on the way in which they are con- [illegible] original promoter, generally a woman of the [illegible] type, who has amassed money, rents a [illegible] conveniently situate. It is a crying scandal [illegible] should be allowed by the law to wear a nurse's [illegible] and to style herself Nurse Somebody-or-other, as [illegible] many instances, she is clever enough to do.

[illegible] establishment is started, bearing on an ornate [illegible] "Nurse Somebody-or other, Massage in all its [illegible] Manicure, Pedicure, etc." or some such announce- [illegible] The next step is to secure a staff of "assistants," who [illegible] all, strangely enough, young and attractive women. [illegible] acquisition is easy.

## Request for Photographs.

[illegible] done through the "Miscellaneous Situations Vacant" [illegible] of the newspapers. Some such insertion as this [illegible] made: "Young ladies, must be refined and of good [illegible] required for light and lucrative employment. [illegible] stating references, past employment if any, to—etc." [illegible] "Box Number" is used at first; and it is sug- [illegible] that whenever possible, the applicants should enclose [illegible] photograph in their letters.

[illegible] probably hundreds of girls write in, most of [illegible] girls out of work, typists who are tired of [illegible] routine, governesses who cannot manage to live [illegible] their meagre earnings. Most of them give particulars [illegible] previous employment. So far, so good.

## Securing Discreditable Facts.

The spurious "nurse" next enlists the services of an un- [illegible] pulous "private enquiry agent," and sets him to nose [illegible] any discreditable facts about a selection of the applicants [illegible] photographs are the most prepossessing. This is not [illegible] There will be more than a few servant girls who [illegible] have been dismissed for theft or for "trouble [illegible] master"; and such facts as these the pseudo-mas- [illegible] alist garners up with much satisfaction. She [illegible] the girls in question, asking them to call; and when [illegible] diplomatically puts her proposals before them.

## Playing a Trump Card.

[illegible] concealed that some of them will, very [illegible] with the suggestion at once. Others may [illegible] and then the "nurse" plays her trump [illegible] Gradually she lets out the discreditable facts in her [illegible] concerning the other; and in nine cases out of [illegible] girl over through sheer blackmail. [illegible] even then, these same "facts" [illegible] seal her lips as to the nature of the "massage [illegible] and the proposals that have been made to her. [illegible] of patrons presents little difficulty. The lady [illegible] on her unworthy traffic for years without [illegible] of the identity and whereabouts of wealthy [illegible] alluded to above. So to each of them on her list she forwards one of her cunningly worded circulars under a plain envelope, either to the recipient's club or business address. It would never do for it to fall accidentally into the hands of his wife!

## What the Paid Touts Do.

Another type of patron—younger and less circumspect—is found by means of paid touts. Among these are assistants at hair-dressing establishments or commissionaires at music-halls. "Looking a little pale, sir," one of the former class will remark to the man he is shaving. "I've got an idea that what you want is massage by electricity. I know a splendid place . . ." The customer perhaps looks slightly surprised; and the knight of the razor winks.

The music-hall commissionaire, the man who shows you to your seat, hands you a clean towel in the lavatory, or helps you on with your coat when you leave, will often find an opportunity to whisper the same sort of information. Aye—and there is more than one faultlessly-dressed and carefully-groomed man to be seen nightly in the big West End music-hall promenades, whose only object in being there is to get into conversation with wealthy-looking youngsters in the lounge-bar or elsewhere, and tout for the deplorable establishments that form the subject of this article. And, probably, if these youngsters are misguided enough to patronise such places, they will be blackmailed in some way or other to a pretty tune.

## Grave Danger to Apprentices,

But the iniquity of such massage-professing women does not end here. They are a source of absolute danger to the hundreds of little fifteen- or sixteen-year-old apprentices at milliners' shops and other establishments, whom they will accost on their leaving work, with cunningly veiled promises of "such pretty dresses to wear, and no hard work to do."

Parents of such girls should consider these statements earnestly. Meanwhile it is pleasing to note that the police intend speedy action against a certain notorious establishment such as I have described. J. S. C.

The Handkerchiefs that defy the laundry
It is not enough for handkerchiefs to have tasteful colour borders, perfect finish, and correct patterns when *new*. *They must defy the wash-tub, be pleasant in use—and retain their attractive features.* You can get that satisfactory kind *only* when you insist on
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PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

# MEMS FOR WHEELERS: USEFUL MIXTURE FOR TRACKMEN & ROADSTERS.

Wonder why it is so many of our handicap riders practically throw their chances away in a race by waiting for the backmarkers to catch up to them? Is it because they think they can cope with the scratch men in the sprint for home? If so I consider it a matter of impossibility, unless they happen to be riders out of the ordinary.

A handicapper gives a rider a mark, say, of thirty-five yards in a quarter of a mile, and what use is it to him if he plays the waiting game? None at all. He might just as well start off scratch.

## Go as Fast as You Can.

The marks are given with the object of placing the inferior rider on the level with the superior, and to bring all riders over the line as near together as possible, with the same chance of winning. Get along as fast as you can. Imagine that the riders at your back are red hot irons, and are wanting to catch and burn you, and above everything keep a cool head.

* * *

On commencing, we will say, a week's tour, the rider for the first day should not keep up a speed equal to, or use the energy in propelling his machine which he would if going for a comparatively short distance; but go at a moderate, steady pace. For by so doing he conserves his strength, and in the long run the average distance covered per day will be quite as much as harder riding would have accomplished, with its attendant requirement of more frequent rests.

Never continue riding too long at one time. Eight hours per day on the road should be the limit for anyone, unless it is desired to reach a particular place at night.

A good but not too heavy breakfast should be indulged in each morning, and little or no meat with the midday meal, which should consist chiefly of vegetables and fruit. As one's gastronomic requirements are greatly increased through sustained cycling, bananas and figs are very good to eat between meals. Tea, of course, may be taken as usual if the rider there and then intends discontinuing cycling for that day. To sum up. Eat often, but in small quantities, but drink as little as possible, and avoid intoxicants whilst riding if you can.

## Good Dodge with Puncture.

If, when mending a puncture, the patch won't stick but keeps curling up at the edges, a good dodge is to put a penny on the top of it and another on the opposite side of the tube, then fasten the two together with a vertical trouser clip. Leave it for a while till the solution has had time to harden, and when the pennies are removed the patch will be firmly fixed in place.

* * *

Taken as a physical culture, cycling develops the whole body and even the neck, provided you get a proper position on your bike, that is, arms slightly bent, body perpendicular, head up, and not too long a stretch for the legs. To get this position you require your handle-bars about four or five inches higher than your saddle, and the latter as near the handle-bars as permits free steering range.

Thus you bring all your muscles into play, as none of your limbs are cramped nor yet stretched out stiffly, as is too frequently the case with cyclists, invariably resulting in tired arms and stiff knees at the end of a journey.

There is no better exercise for the back than going up a stiff hill at a fair pace, using the arms well in the effort.

Nearly all the advocates of health exercises, dumb-bells, etc., admit that stomach muscles are the hardest to develop. Thanks to cycling, the writer can show more of these muscles than under any other system, with years of practice.

The strength that cycling imparts to the body comes into use with greater advantage in other sports.


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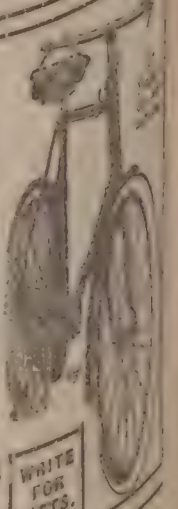

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**FATE, FORTUNE, FUTURE,**

that you should gain the wonderful knowledge of your [illegible] you would avail yourself without delay of this generous offer [illegible] the benefit of "The Modern Man" readers. Hundreds owe their happiness and success to Mr. Spencer-Wallis's advice and guidance, for he is consulted by ladies and gentlemen in high society.

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Dear Sir,—I have studied well your analysis of my character. I do really believe that you are perfectly correct. I should [illegible] strengthen these weaknesses which you have pointed out. Thanks for kindness.

I remain, yours very sincerely, [illegible]

Dear Mr. Spencer-Wallis.—In reply to your letter concerning Character Study, I must say you have told me the truth in every [illegible] of your study. I seem to be changed for the good since I consulted you.

Yours truly, [illegible]

Dear Mr. Wallis,—I am in receipt of yours enclosing the Character Analysis, which has taken me completely by surprise, as one would [illegible] you knew me all my lifetime.

Yours very sincerely, [illegible]

Dear Sir,—I have received the Character Study, which I consider wonderful. I would not have believed it possible that anyone could not come into personal contact with me could have told me so much about my own characteristics.

Yours sincerely, [illegible]

Dear Mr. Wallis.—Thank you for the Character Study received. It shows much that I was only partly conscious of before. I think you have given me a wonderful true Study in [illegible]

Yours very truly, [illegible]

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Mr. Spencer-Wallis has offered to forego his usual fee of one guinea and help all those who consult him in answer to this advertisement free of charge. Those who can afford and wish to may enclose five penny stamps to cover secretarial expenses. All you have to do is to send a photograph or specimen of hand-writing—both if you wish—preferably in your ordinary style of writing in order to ensure a true Character Study, with your application (fully signed), with addressed return envelope and five penny stamps, to **Mr. Spencer-Wallis,** 96, Douglas House, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

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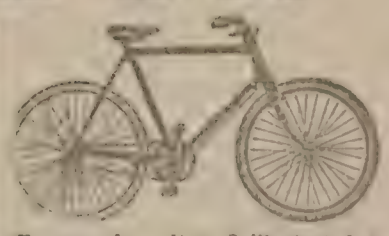

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# JIU-JITSU FOR WOMEN:

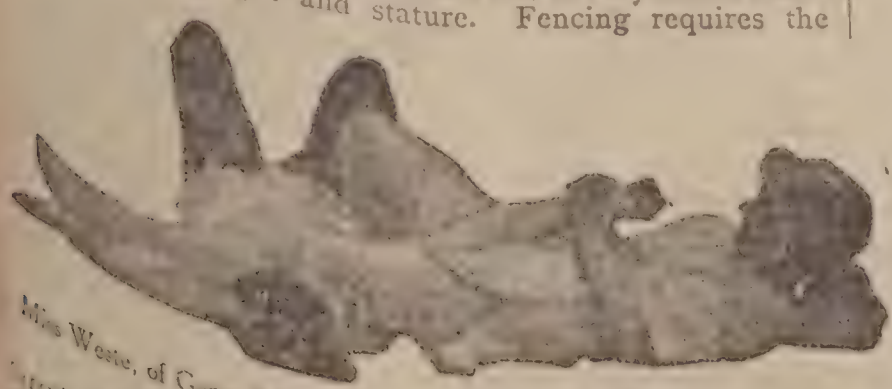
By MISS FRANCES WESTE (The Jiu-Jitsu Girl).

Jiu-jitsu, the Japanese art of self-defence and physical development, is slowly but surely being recognised by the gentler sex as the best natural means of protection and exercise it is possible for them to practice. As a means of self-defence Jiu-jitsu stands out far and away superior to any other method for women.

## How Agility is Acquired.

When once the principles are grasped Jiu-jitsu will place in the hands of the weakest woman the most effective medium for protecting herself from insults and violence. This is because the art does not call for abnormal strength; on the contrary, it is not strength but the right application of anatomical principles and the agility to carry them out. Agility is acquired by a reasonable amount of practice. The knowledge is easily acquired under a qualified teacher.

The advantage of a knowledge of Jiu-jitsu over other methods is that it enables one to do without firearms or other artificial appurtenances. Besides, one cannot always be carrying weapons. Boxing as a means of self-defence for women is out of the question unless one is very much above the average strength and stature. Fencing requires the



Miss Weste, of Garrud's Jiu-Jitsu Institute, demonstrating the "arm lock."

carrying of a strong stick, and then it is not nearly so [illegible] and it may be wrenched from one and used against [illegible] self.

## No Artificial Aid Required.

Jiu-jitsu is always at your finger ends. No artificial aid is required. A twist on your assailant's wrist here or a certain leverage on his arm there places him *hors de combat* in a very short time, and is far more effective than half a dozen [illegible] punches which only a very strong woman might be able to give. The reason why it is so easy to defeat an assailant by means of the Japanese art is because the irresistible leverage [illegible] can obtain on the adversary's limbs at the [illegible]. One is amazed, when one has been once [illegible], that it was not [illegible] of before by [illegible] of anatomy. It is [illegible] true that it [illegible] only been left to the [illegible] little Jap to discover the weak points in the human frame. I have [illegible] conversations with many medical men and [illegible] doctors, and in each and every case I have been told that the methods are [illegible] easy.

To give the reader an idea of the leverage one can obtain on a limb I will just draw his attention to the "arm-lock" depicted in the first illustration. You will observe that the assailant has first been brought to the ground, the right arm caught between the legs and the elbow joint pressed over your right thigh, whilst your left leg is placed across your adversary's throat to prevent his rising.

Miss Weste using the "Shoulder-throw."

The picture is to illustrate the leverage on the arm. Of course you say "you have to get your opponent down first." Quite so. This is as simple as obtaining the "lock" and can be accomplished in numerous ways, one of which is shown in the second photograph, and is called the "Shoulder throw."

The "shoulder throw" is executed when your assailant seizes you round the throat from behind with his left arm and you defend yourself by grasping his wrist with your right hand and his coat sleeve with your left hand, and then stooping a little to get the necessary leverage, and then suddenly straightening your legs and heaving forward with your body, and your adversary is thrown straight over your left shoulder to the ground in front of you, where you can instantly obtain the "arm lock" above described.

The third illustration gives the reader an idea of what is possible on the ground. If you fall or slip down and are attacked, you can defend yourself in a very effective way as follows: Assuming that your assailant comes at you with his left leg forward, turn on your left side and hook your left foot round his ankle, which you pull towards you, at the same instant give a vigorous push or a kick on his knee cap with your right foot, and he will be thrown backward to the ground. You can instantly jump up and obtain an arm or leg lock, which will incapacitate him from further aggressiveness.

Miss Weste in the act of throwing an opponent by the use of the feet only.

It is of the utmost importance, when you are on the ground, to keep your feet presented towards your assailant, and this can be done by swinging round on the small of the back with the aid of the arms.

# THE TYRANNY OF LOVE.

## A WARNING AND SOME HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Some of the very best mothers in the world are tyrannical. Their children are never anything more than children, and never capable of striking out a line of their own. Fond and self-sacrificing to the last degree provided "the boy" or "the girl," as the case may be, shapes their lives according to the plan that has been marked out for them, but obstinate and "cutting up rough" should their wishes be crossed. The worst feature about their tyranny is that it is the tyranny of love.

### A Kind of Craze.

Mothers of this description are possessed of very strong personalities. In fact they become the victims of their own personalities. They get so fond of moulding according to their wills the people around them, that it becomes a kind of craze with them. They lose the proportion of things. As their children grow up it never occurs to them to test the strength of their natures, and see how far it would be wise to over-rule them in everything. Instead, they continue the moulding idea indiscriminately, and very often, almost invariably, trouble is the result.

### Will Against Will.

Strong-minded mothers as a rule have strong-minded children. Consequently will is set against will. And, as the Irishman said when he was asked what would happen if an irresistible force came against an immovable object, "in that case something is bound to go to smithereens."

When Jack decides on becoming a blacksmith, and his mother will persist in saying that she knows only too well the difficulties and dangers attending a blacksmith's life, and that she is sure he would not like it if he became one, it generally ends in Jack becoming nothing. If he can't be what he likes, he will not be what his mother likes; and he comes to this conclusion simply because he naturally refuses to bow down to anybody, even to his mother. He can't bring himself to go dead against her; he can't bring himself to altogether yield to her, so he takes the middle course, and does nothing.

A SMART TEA COSY.

The materials required are 4 oz. Paton's 4-ply China Blue Petticoat Wool (dark), 4 oz. ditto (second shade), 4 oz. ditto (lightest), a bone crochet-hook, 2½ yards ribbon to match wool. This shape is supposed to counteract the evil effects of the use of a tea cosy, as it is left partially open at each end for the handle and spout of the tea-pot.

### Objection to Become a Priest.

A very sad instance of the harm such mothers may do is known to the writer. The mother in this case was a Roman Catholic, and she had decided that her son should become a priest. He, however, had an objection to becoming a priest, but gave way and became one.

Then he fell hopelessly in love with a young lady. The only way out of the difficulty was to resign his office and leave the church. His mother declared that she would never survive the disgrace, and implored him to change his mind. Then came an excited dispute, in the midst of which the young man drew a revolver and shot his mother dead, afterwards turning the weapon on himself fatally.

The incident of my Uncle Toby and the fly has often been alluded to, and the spirit shown on that occasion recommended under almost all sorts of circumstances: "Go thy way, poor creature; get thee gone. Why should I hurt thee? There is room in the world for thee and me." I should like to commend it to all strong-minded parents, especially mothers. If they would only take it to heart, they might save both themselves and their children pain.

A home that is managed in a slip-dash fa[illegible] ably leads to a most demoralising state of affairs. The[illegible] be certain things understood to be done at certain [illegible] always provisionally. The regime of a household [illegible] elastic instead of rigid. There must be no hard and [illegible] rules, but the entire government of the home must [illegible] arranged with a view of coping successfully and unhurriedly with the unforeseen and unexpected.

It is true that these things take forethought, [illegible] tact, and judgment. This only comes with [illegible]

### To Remove Scorch Stains.

Here is some valuable advice on removing scorch [illegible] from a fine white linen table-cloth: Secure from a che[illegible] 2oz. of fuller's earth, extract the juice of two onions [illegible] pressing with a spoon, and mix it with the fuller's earth [illegible] put in a tablespoonful of white soap and add a cup of white [illegible] vinegar. Boil this compound well, and when cool, spread [illegible] on the scorched linen till the paste dries.

If necessary, wet the paste again with vinegar and leave it again to dry, then wash the linen in the ordinary way.

This will remove all the worst traces, if the linen has been greatly injured as suggested; if only slightly injured [illegible] no traces will remain. Simple exposure to strong sunlight for many hours is also effective for removing [illegible] scorch, and it would be well for you to use this [illegible] as far as it will [illegible] to remove the ju[illegible] Of course, if the fibre [illegible] have been weakened or broken by the heat of the iron nothing will wholly restore them.

### How Scent is Made.

There are several methods of making scent. The cheapest way is by mixing chemicals together to counterfeit the odour of flowers. This is the the low-priced and inferior scents are made. But the finer qualities are derived from the flowers themselves.

The blossoms are spread on glass thickly coated with pure grease and exposed to the sun. As they wither the flowers are removed and replaced again and again by fresh ones until the grease has become charged with the fragrance.

Another process is by constantly infusing [illegible] and a third by steeping them in ether. This [illegible] the most expensive of all, and produces the [illegible] By the way, you may like to know that some of the [illegible] of scented soaps are made from the flowers [illegible] After all the scent possible has been extracted [illegible] steeping it in spirits it is still fragrant enough [illegible] toilet soap.

### Where is Your Piano?

The correct placing of a piano in a room of [illegible] size is to turn it at right angles to the side [illegible] room between the keyboard and the opposite [illegible] player. Then stand a table, if possible an old-[illegible] one with folding leaf, which can be turned up against [illegible] back of the piano. There must, of course, be some drapery [illegible] to cover the unpolished back of the piano.

A piece of good-looking tapestry, brocaded [illegible] embroidered crepe, or even of cretonne, draped loosely over [illegible] the top and back, but not laid in set folds, would be [illegible] able. On the table stand a plant, a bit of pottery, a [illegible] candlestick, or possibly a lamp.

# ON AND OFF THE STUMPS: ANECDOTES ABOUT WELL KNOWN CRICKETERS.

Minus proof, one set of initials is as good as another, but "C.B.F." and "P.F.W." stand for much among cricketers.

Singularly enough, as a boy Mr. C. B. Fry, the English skipper, was not particularly noted for his cricket, although he always evinced an interest in the game. It was not until he went to Oxford that he made any great progress as a batsman, but since then he has done so well as a cricketer that one has been apt to lose sight of his prowess in other channels of sport.

## Visions of Hydrophobia.

Apropos of his ability as a jumper he has recounted an amusing story of how he first came to know how expert he was in this direction. He was quite a lad at the time, and one day he saw his terrier approaching him out of a hedge foaming at the mouth.

With visions of hydrophobia, young Fry did not wait for him, but took the hedge in a wild leap. He also cleared a ditch and was up a tree in a second. The dog, however, followed him, and sat at the bottom of the tree. Then it was he saw that the animal was not mad, but that it had a toad in its mouth.

So Master Charles came down from his elevated position and went to look what he had jumped over. The hedge was much higher than his head, not to mention the ditch.

But if Mr. Fry showed fear in the case of the dog, there is a striking instance on record when he proved himself absolutely devoid of it. This was when, a few years ago, as Sussex captain, he was visiting South Africa on a cricket tour.

## Aerial Flight from a Runaway.

Two of his friends were going out for a day's shooting, and, meeting Mr. Fry on their departure, pressed him to join the party. This he readily consented to do, and a resident farmer came forward with the offer of a horse. The animal, which was by no means a docile one, was fetched from the stable, and very soon both rider and horse were well under way.

Passing through a gate out of the yard, however, the hindquarters of the latter caught the wood, and in a moment or two both were flying like pursued cavalry across the country. The horse took the bit in its teeth, and it was well-nigh impossible to guide the direction of the stampede.

In a straight line ahead Mr. Fry detected a well, which he knew by a previous visit was topped by barbed wire. If he was to save his neck he must come off, so, disengaging his feet from the stirrups, he crouched low and took a flying leap. The jump, no doubt, saved his life, for a second or two later the horse lay bleeding to death over the wire fence, Mr. Fry himself escaping with only a damaged ankle.

## Compliment in a Joke.

One of the greatest compliments "C.B.F." ever had paid to him was the following joke in "Punch," when the Liberals took office: "Father (reading from his morning paper) "So they've made C.B. (meaning, of course, the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman) Prime Minister?" Son: "Good old Fry!"

Unlike Mr. Fry, Mr. Pelham F. Warner, who was born in Trinidad and rejoices in the nickname of "Plum"—a contraction of Pelham (P'l'am)—commenced to handle the bat almost as soon as he could toddle, but before he was ten, when he came to England, was recognised as being quite a fair player. He used to practise with the copper-coloured youngsters on the island.

## Dusky Subject's Pride.

On his arrival in this country, young Pelham went to Rugby and very soon made a name for himself in the school eleven. He returned to Trinidad as a man and a member of Lord Hawke's team, and won the laurels of being the first to score a century in cricket on the island.

One of the dusky companions of his youth, who was watching the game, went almost frantic when he saw "Plum's" treatment of the bowling.

"That's right, Massa P'lam," he cried, "go on, the island's proud of you, sah, and I'm proud, too, sah, 'kuss I taught you all you know, I taught you everything."

## TIME TO GO HOME.

"Brown," said Jones in a fatherly way, while pointing at a sideboard, "take my advice. You are a new member of this club. It will be time for you to go home when you see four candlesticks on that sideboard instead of two, because then you will have had enough to drink."

"Excuse me, Jones. I think it is high time you were going home; there is only one candlestick on the sideboard now," replied Brown.

## VERY ARTFUL.

Famous Painter (angrily): I hear, sir, that you're boasting that you studied art under me?

Near-Painter (calmly): And so I did, sir, so I did—why, I occupied a room under your studio for nearly a month!

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Jinx."

"Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and the fool insisted on telling me."

# WEATHER SIGNS.

## HOW TO READ THE SKY.

The varying colours of the sky and the clouds, says Mr. F. W. Henkel in "Weather Science," a popular introduction to meteorology, issued by Fisher Unwin, have bearings on the probable future weather conditions. Admiral Fitzroy remarks: "A dark, gloomy, blue sky indicates fine weather; when the sky is of a sickly-looking greenish hue, wind or rain may be expected."

Unusual visibility of distant objects, the outlines of hills seem sharply defined, distant sounds distinctly heard, are usually regarded as signs of coming rain.

## Careful Observation.

Animals in general, whose very existence often depends on slight changes in the weather, are especially sensitive and cognisant of approaching rain or storms long before we know of their coming by other indications. Some of the "signs" of rain given are no doubt the result of careful observation of the habits of the lower animals, but it is difficult to say what value is to be attached to such tokens as the following:—

When cats sneeze it is a sign of rain,
When dogs eat grass it will be rainy.

## Croaking Frogs.

The flight of birds far and wide in fine weather, short and staying near their nests in more uncertain conditions, may in most cases be considered a reliable indication of the goodness or badness of weather for the next few days. A disturbed condition of the animal world generally, the huddling of sheep together, loud croaking of frogs, chattering of magpies, crows, sparrows, etc., are all well-known signs of coming rain. A cloudy, gloomy day is preferred by the angler, "fish risking more than usual at the approach of a storm," though we are also told that "they are said (in some parts) not to bite so well before rain." Bees are also notoriously fine weather animals, not venturing out when it is likely to be rainy, in accordance with the lines—

If bees stay at home
Rain will soon come;
If they fly away
Fine will be the day.

## The Plant World.

Even more sensitive than animals, the plant world is full of weather prophets. We have the well-known pimpernel, or ploughman's weather-glass, the seaweed, whose hygroscopic properties are often made use of, sensitive plants whose leaves contract at the approach of rain, and countless other objects.

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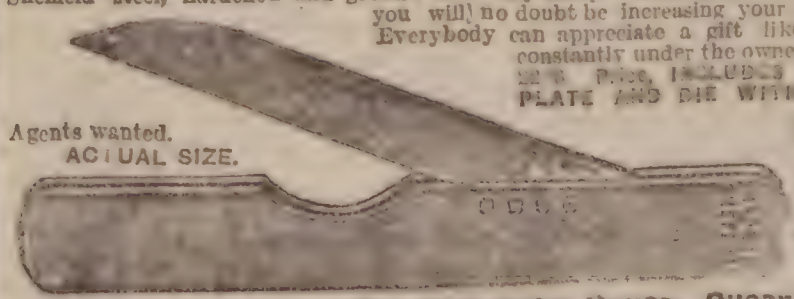

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# FINANCIAL NEWS:

## A SALE AND PURCHASE MART FOR OUR READERS.

Having of late received from a large number of *Modern Man* readers letters expressing dissatisfaction with the big charges involved in buying and selling shares, we have decided to establish for our readers' benefit a sale and purchase mart. Below will be found the conditions, and in view of recent correspondence we feel sure that the innovation will be heartily welcomed.

The following nominal fees will be charged to cover expenses: For transactions up to £5, two shillings and sixpence; over £25 and under £50, five shillings; over £50, ten shillings. There will be no brokerage or any other charges whatsoever.

CONDITIONS.

1.—All people desiring to purchase or sell shares must enclose the fee, as stated above, with their communication.

2.—In the event of transactions not being completed through any cause whatsoever, the fee will be returned in full.

3.—When a person wishes to sell, they must enclose the certificate of the shares in a registered letter, and they must state the price at which they are willing to sell.

4.—In the case of buyers they must state fully the name of the stock or shares they wish to purchase, and the price they are prepared to pay for same.

5.—Buyers in all instances have to pay the Registration Fee of 2s. 6d. as well as for the Ad Valorem transfer stamp required by Government.

6.—Sellers will be immediately advised when a purchaser has been obtained and a transfer form will be forwarded for signature, which, when duly witnessed and returned, the purchaser's money will be remitted.

7.—Purchasers sending remittances in payment of shares will receive an immediate acknowledgment, and the certificate will be forwarded as soon as the transfer of the shares has been registered in the books of the Company.

8.—In cases where we are not in the position to immediately carry through the transaction for a buyer or seller, the stock will be advertised in our columns under a registered number.

9.—All communications to be addressed to the Financial Editor, "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

At the moment of writing there seems to be quite a better feeling on the Stock Exchange and quotations rule firmer all round.

The selling has been overdone, but it will take some little time for the real stock—which many operators have been compelled to sell to pay their speculative differences—to be absorbed by fresh investors. If means can only be found for a lasting settlement of the labour unrest in the country prices of stocks in every section of the House will appreciate considerably.

### HOME RAILWAYS.

Shrewd operators who were lucky or clever enough to get out at the top of the recent rise are buying back again, and the prospects are that we shall have better prices in this section.

My favouries are still the Underground Lines of London, such as Districts, East Londons, and Metropolitans.

### AMERICANS.

Prices in this market show a decline ranging up to about three points, and there is no doubt that the "Money Trust" investigation by the Government is causing considerable feeling of unrest.

### CANADIANS.

Canadian Pacifics have been affected slightly by the fall in Americans, but more particularly by the continuous selling from Berlin by stale "bulls."

Quoted at under 270, the shares certainly look very tempting.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the Chairman of the Directors, states that the Canadian Pacific Railway will double the track of the Rocky Mountain division of the railway at a cost of $70,000,000.

The raising of this capital must mean a bonus in some form or other for the present shareholders.

Grand Trunks have been easier during the week, with the prevailing tendency, notwithstanding the fact that traffics have been excellent. The fall is only temporary and affords excellent opportunity for the operator to pick up cheap stock in the Thirds and Ordinary.

### OIL.

The much advertised combination of Galician Oil Companies has fallen flat, as far as the market is concerned, and prices of shares in all the companies interested—where there is any market at all—have fallen appreciably.

The Galician Oil Trust shares are still quoted £ and [illegible] considering the output of oil for May was 0,930 tons and [illegible] the capital is only £250,000—in 10s. shares—they [illegible] a real bargain. The company on this production [illegible] making a net profit of anything between £100,000 and £150,000 a year, and as their principal producing well—the Josef—has been closed for repairs and cleaning purposes the output may be considerably augmented at any moment.

The Standard Oil of Mexico A shares have fallen [illegible] the general depreciation, and look remarkably cheap [illegible] a speculative investment round about 2s. 6d. Holders [illegible] higher prices ought to buy more to average.

The Mexico Eagle Oil Company is reported to be producing at the rate of 150,000 barrels a day, which ought to show a profit of 100 per cent. on the whole capital of the company. As the 8 per cent. Preferred Shares (nominal value $10 Mexican or £1 0s. 6d.) are only quoted at 2 [illegible] there seems considerable room for improvement in [illegible] The Common Shares are quoted 1 15-16, and as these have been heavily bought at slightly higher prices by the [illegible] people, there is no liklihood of any difference in the dividend of Common and Preferred.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SANOK (Dumfries).—Your investments appear thoroughly sound, but very limited in scope. I think you might add a few active oil shares with advantage.

S.D. (York).—I think you had better hold.

CYMRIC (Llanelly).—(1) There is no free market at present. (2) Well worth holding. (3) In liquidation. [illegible] Highest 92, lowest 84.

M.L. (Exeter).—An application has been made for a special settlement, but the date is not yet fixed.

NIGERIA (Clacton).—I would rather sell than buy.

SANDY (Edina).—Way-Halim's should be held. I consider them absurdly cheap at present price.

P.J. (Yeovil).—You can safely make the investment. The cost of registration would be 15s. for stamp and 2s. 6d. for [illegible]

R.D.K. (Belfast).—(A) No present prospect of improvement. (B) Average. (C) I should prefer the six per cent. Income Bonds.

NITRATE (Chester).—Both hopeful speculations and dividend payers.

MINE (Newquay).—The life is estimated at twenty years.

G.H. (Keynsham).—I should advise you to take the shares off the market and hold for the next dividend.

E.M.B. (Swansea).—(1) A very promising lock-up at present price. (2) Hopeful as a speculation. (3) Not worth buying at any price.

CANT (Deptford).—Sorry I cannot help you, it is a case for a solicitor.

LABRADOR (Cardiff).—Yes, I think you might safely average.

THE MON (Pinner).—I strongly advise you not to sink any more money in the concern you mention.

F. W. B. (Luton).—Your investments in Rails are good. Keep them all for better prices.

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# Correspondent's Bureau.

## BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

PROBATE (Hanley) propounds this question: "When a widow dies, leaving two sons living, aged, say, 21 and 18 respectively, to whom does all her property go?" To the eldest son. That is, of course, unless she has made a will, or has held her property in trust for the children under her husband's will the terms of which would settle matters.

F.G. (Manchester).—The advantages of employing the Public Trustee are security and economy. Should he make default the Government will reimburse any loss. Then if an ordinary trustee dies a new one has to be appointed, and this means expense to the beneficiaries, but the Public Trustee never dies officially. Further, his charges are much lower than those of solicitors.

J.J. (Bolton).—When sending a valuable dog you can insure it at Lloyds' at a moderate premium.

M.S. (Edinburgh).—Report the facts to the Secretary, Stock Exchange, E.C.

X.Y.Z (Derby) asks what would be a fair price to pay for a complete upper set of false teeth on vulcanite? The charge at the Royal Dental Hospital is £2, and they do not reckon to make any profit. We think three guineas would be a reasonable price to pay a registered and qualified dentist—that is, an L.D.S. (Licentiate in Dental Surgery).

(Miss) E.M. (Leeds).—To become one of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nurses you must first pass through the recognised training at a first-class hospital. The pay is good, starting at £40 a year, rising to the £350 a year of the Matron-in-Chief. There is no nobler vocation for a woman than sick-nursing.

J.B.G. (Bristol).—"Angels (or Devils) on Horseback" are oysters cooked in rolls of bacon, and served piping hot on strips of toast; and jolly good they are, too.

C. O'H. (Tottenham) thinks he would like to assist the public executioner, and asks us to tell him how to go about it. We'll be hanged if we will.

S.A. (Highgate).—Men are not enlisted direct for the Army Pay Corps, but are transferred from ordinary regiments, provided they have not less than six months' service, are of good character, and possess a fair knowledge of the "Three R's."

WALTER (Birmingham).—A general appeal of "How's that?" covers all possible ways of being out, but on a definite appeal, say, "How's that, l.b.w.?" a batsman could only be given out l.b.w. though he might really have been caught at the wicket, or be "out" for some other reason.

D.C. (Bournemouth).—Ear docking is forbidden by the Kennel Club without any exceptions, but tail docking is still permitted in the case of most terriers, poodles, old English sheep dogs, toy spaniels, schipperkes, and griffon bruxellois.

KOOPER (Burton-on-Trent).—Address required, Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S CHANCE.

Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd., of Cheapside, London, have issued a compact illustrated catalogue of their stock. To the sportsman it forms a handy book of reference, inasmuch as it contains the laws of cricket, football, tennis and hockey. The list is sent post free to any part of the world.

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## PERFECTLY DELICIOUS.

They sat together on the couch, and the dim gas jet flickered down upon their lovelorn faces. Presently a sigh emerged from her bosom, like the sough of the autumn wind down a country lane.

"What is it, darling?" he queried, clasping her tighter to his thirty-shilling suit. "Why do you sigh? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, George; but——"

"But what, my love?"

"Oh, George," she murmured, toying with his brass-plated albert, "I cannot rid myself of the thought that, perhaps, after all, you only love me for my money."

"My darling!" gasped George. "I assure you that I'd love you just the same if—if—you'd ten times as much!"

"Oh, George," she cried, "how happy you have made me!"

## HARD ON PROFESSOR QUACK.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the quack doctor, "I've sold these pills in your market place for the past ten years. Never, during that period, have I had a single complaint about them. What does that prove to you, gentlemen?"

Onlooker (moving away): "I reckon it proves that dead men tell no tales!"

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# THE WEEK'S RACING.

By the "OLD HAND."

It is a considerable time since I attempted to sum up a more interesting or evenly balanced handicap than that framed for the Royal Hunt Cup. I have been right through the entries three or four times, and have failed to find a flaw, and the man that finds the winner will be better served by luck than judgment.

Over a mile, that is almost the distance of the race, Whisk Broom is a great horse, and he is weighted like one. It is doubtful if we really know how good he is, and the critics at headquarters aver that with all his weight he is certain to go very close.

## Long Set's Successes.

The same might be said of Long Set, who carried a welter weight first past the post at the last Epsom meeting. He has been out three times this season, winning easily each time, and it will not be safe to leave him out.

In the Victoria Cup, Spanish Prince was receiving 1lb. from Whisk Broom and beaten out of a place. The "Prince" now gets 6lbs., but that will hardly enable him to turn the tables, and another thing against him is that I do not think he will get the distance.

For the last few days there has been a tip going round for Bachelor's Hope, but whilst admitting that on his form in the great "Jubilee" he has an undeniable chance, he is so uncertain that I would not care to advise his support.

On his best form The Story could be made out to have a chance, but he did not greatly impress me by the way he ran at Epsom, and it does not say much for him that he was beaten by an ex-selling plater.

## Braxted's Chance.

A horse that is one of these days certain to win an important race is Braxted, and there are more unlikely things than that this will be his journey. Anyway, fit and well on Wednesday, I shall have a bit on him. I am not in accord with the general view that he does not stay.

One that is genuinely fancied is Eton Boy, and he is a horse that threatens danger to the best of them. He has been backed for a considerable amount of money, and a great amount of it went on when Grammont—since scratched—was being rushed into favouritism.

More or less, every sporting writer views one horse in a race like this with suspicion, and in my case it is Sobieski. This horse is branded as a rogue, but I am no great believer in the term as applied to any animal, and I am fully prepared to see him make a good show. It will be remembered that he was well backed to beat Hornets Beauty, when the great Irishman was at the height of his fame.

## Recording the Vote.

One might go on writing about every horse in the race without getting any nearer the winner, and I shall sum up by voting in favour of

WHISK BROOM,

whom we know to be a really good horse, and one that will give us a good run for our money.

The Ascot Stakes has not attracted a particularly brilliant entry, and it is with no great amount of confidence that I stand

TOOTLES.

Other selections:—

ASCOT—Tuesday.

Prince of Wales Stakes: CATMINT.

Wednesday.

Visitors' Handicap: ST. GIRONS.
Ascot Derby: JAEGER.
Coronation Stakes: THE TYLT.

Thursday.

The Gold Cup: STEDFAST.

Friday.

High-Weight Stakes: LONAWAND.
Kings Stand Stakes: GREAT SURPRISE.
Alexandra Plate: KING MIDAS.

WINDSOR—Saturday.

Royal June Handicap: WOLFE LAND.

## The Wire Service.

Our little wire service goes merrily on, so far, that is, up to the time of going to press **we have four winners, two seconds and two unplaced.** By the way, last week a reader sent me ten shillings for a "guaranteed winner," which amount I promptly returned.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I do not profess to guarantee anything. I do the best I can for readers by trying to find a winner or two during the week for 5s., and no other service is run from this office.


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Now that you can buy this class of suit on easy terms, there is no excuse for you to be otherwise than dressed in good style. The "Cambridge" suit is made in splendid hard-wearing cloths, in up-to-date latest shades and mixtures, dark and light browns, greens, and dark check tweeds. Perfect cut, fit and finish throughout. Send 5/- with chest and height measurements and colour desired, and ask for the "Cambridge" Suit. Norfolk Suits 35/-, 4/6 monthly.

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# THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

## HOT WEATHER WEAR.

While it does not look as if we were going to have a repetition of last year's torrid summer, a few remarks on hot weather clothing may not be inappropriate.

Many men rush into very thin suits when the thermometer goes up. This is a mistake.

They argue that because Anglo-Indians and other men in tropical countries wear zephyr-like clothes that these are suited to our hot summers.

They forget, however, that the Anglo-Indian, etc., spends the hot part of the "long, long Indian day" indoors and doing nothing, or at least not taking hard exercise.

Here, however, the sun is rarely hot enough to keep a man indoors, or to prevent him from playing pretty strenuous games, and to take hard exercise under a hot sun with practically nothing between it and your skin is not only uncomfortable, but actually dangerous.

You should wear either moderately thick clothes or sufficient underwear, preferably woollen or silk, to protect the body from the sun's heat.

No part of the body needs more protection than the back of the neck and the upper part of the spine, and in tropical climes men have a strip of padding let into their coats so as to lie over this vulnerable point. This is not necessary here, but your hat should shade the back of the neck.

## COOL, BUT SMART.

However, I am not so much concerned with the hygienic aspects of hot weather as with the problem of being cool and at the same time looking smart.

In choosing a summer suit you should remember that a smooth, shining surfaced cloth is much cooler than a rough one, as it reflects or turns back the rays of the sun, which are thus prevented from penetrating to the body.

If your suit is to be of tweed, let me recommend a light grey. Personally, I am convinced that a moderately thin tweed is much cooler than flannel, and of course looks smarter. With this may be worn a wide-brimmed straw or grey Homburg hat, a soft-fronted, stiff-cuffed coloured shirt with double stiff collar, tan shoes and dark cashmere socks. Smart and reasonably cool.

Now as to flannel suits—I don't mean for promenading, but for games and exercise—the most economical is a herring-bone grey. I can also recommend a dark blue flannel jacket to be worn with white or grey flannel trousers.

For a shirt for games try one of white canvas, collar and shirt being in one piece.

This may not be so hygienic as flannel, but I am thinking of the requirements of the man who may be invited to play tennis, croquet, etc., at a private house, and who wishes to be cool and comfortable without being slovenly.

## VESTLESS COATS.

A waistcoat is a senseless garment in hot weather, but if you leave it off what are you to do? You must either keep your coat buttoned, or wear a kummerbund, that is, a silk sash wound round the waist, or leave the coat open and look half undressed.

The kummerbund is well enough, but it is not cool, and I rather like the American idea of the vestless coat. This garment is deliberately cut to be worn without a waistcoat. It has long lapels, and buttons with two buttons close together and quite low down, so that the shirt front is exposed, without, however, revealing the tops of the trousers.

I think it is a good idea, and no doubt your own tailor will quickly grasp the notion.

## THE ONLY DRESS TIE.

In answer to "W.H." (Reading) I beg to state for about the one millionth and oneth time that in no circumstances should a black tie be worn with evening dress, that is, full evening dress.

A black tie is permissible with a dinner jacket only. Indeed a white tie is as hopelessly incorrect with a dinner jacket as a black one is with "tails."


**Oatine**

When the skin is irritated after shaving use OATINE. It instantly relieves all tenderness and soreness of the skin.

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The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a label or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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**(One of these Coupons appears on page 1042)**

**Description of our Pen.**

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, fine, medium or broad.

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¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions.

**POCKET CLIP TO FIX THE PEN SECURELY IN THE VEST POCKET PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

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On page 1042 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

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